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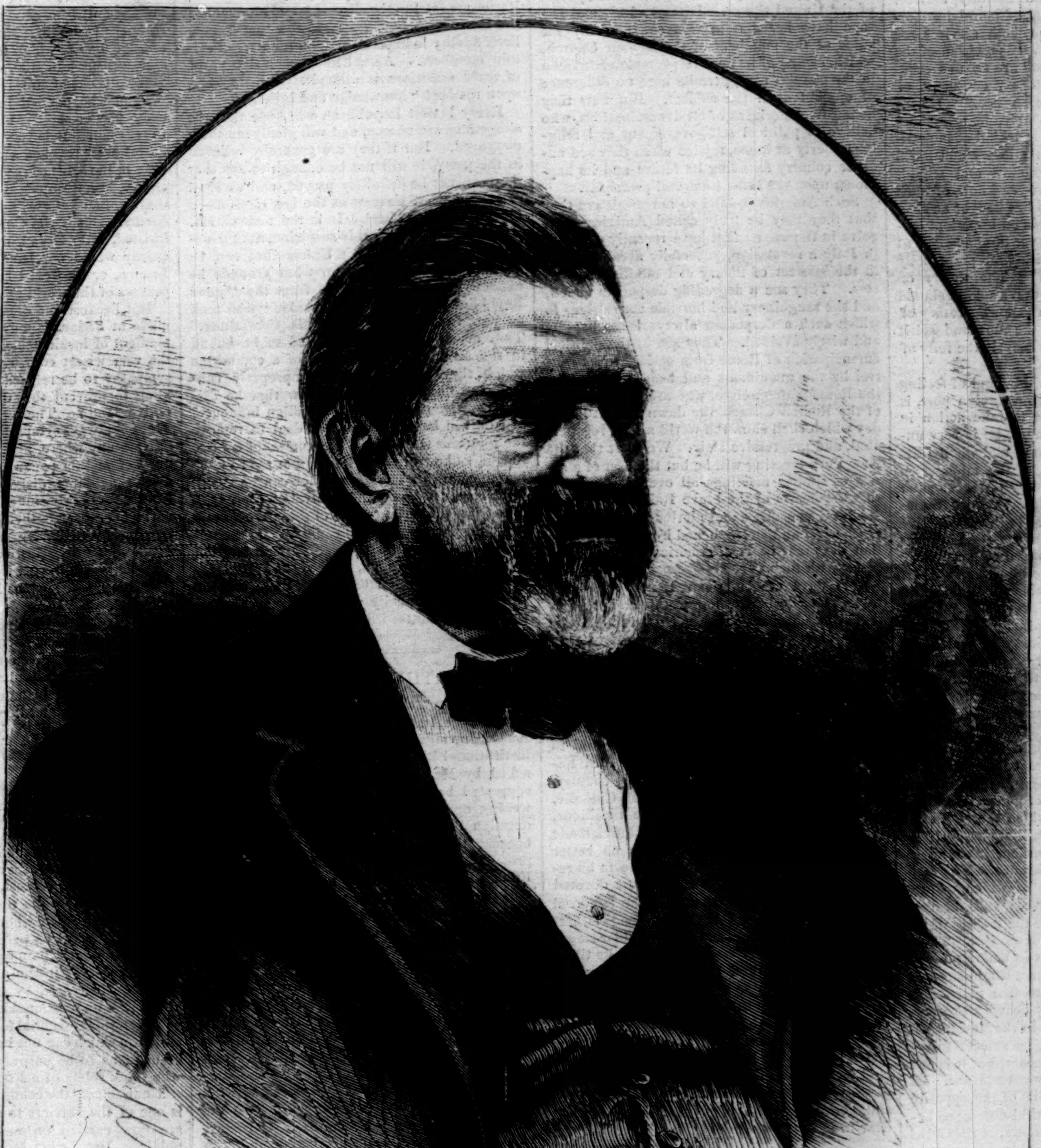
HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK,

OUR NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

Hon. Robert C. Schenck, United States Minister to England, whose portrait is given on this page, is a gentleman whose eminent fitness for this high position is generally acknowledged, even by his political opponents. During the thirty years past he has occupied prominent positions in the public service; and none who have followed his course with any care can doubt that in him the United States will have an able and energetic representative at the court of St. James.

He was born in Franklin, Warren Co., Ohio, October 4, 1809; graduated with high honors at the Miami University in 1827, where he remained two years as a tutor; was admitted to the bar in 1831, and settled in Dayton, where he has since resided. In 1840 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature; was re-elected in 1842; and was a Representative in Congress from Ohio from 1843 to 1851, serving on many important committees, and during the Thirtieth Congress as Chairman of the Committee on Roads and Canals. On his retirement from Congress he was appointed by President Fillmore Minister to Brazil, where he negotiated a number of treaties. In 1861 he served as Brigadier, and was promoted Major-General in the Union army for his conduct at the second battle of Bull Run, in which he was severely wounded; and in 1862 was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress; and in 1865 he was appointed by the President a member of the Board of Visitors to the West Point Academy, and was President of the Board. He served on the Committee on the Death of President Lincoln, and again at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs; was a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois; also of the Committee on Retrenchment; and was one of the representatives of the House designated to attend the funeral of General Scott in 1866; he was also a delegate to the Philadelphia "Loyalist Convention" of 1866, and to the Soldiers' Convention held at Pittsburg. He was reelected to the Fortieth Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Ordnance, and again of that on Military Affairs. He was reelected to the Forty-first Congress, in which he served as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Throughout his whole Congressional career Mr. Schenck approved himself a statesman of enlarged and liberal views, an able debater, and a skillful political manager. The important positions he has held on committees show the high estimation placed on his abilities by the party to which he belongs. It is claimed that he was legally elected to the Forty-second Congress, though the certificate was given to his Democratic competitor; and had he not accepted the position of Minister to England, the election would probably have been contested.



HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[Photographed by Rockwood & Co.]

HOW THEY LIVE IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Food Journal* sends to that paper some interesting particulars in regard to the present state of affairs in the besieged capital of France. He says:

"The idea that two millions of people, a large number of whom have ample means, should find themselves rationed like soldiers and paupers, is so novel that nothing but the actual experience of the fact can bring it directly home to the mind. That people who are accustomed to delicate eating, to every culinary luxury, who *fast* on delicious fish, the freshest of eggs and vegetables, water-fowl, and splendid fruit—say once a week—should now *feed* every day on an ounce or two of any kind of meat that they can obtain—beef, horse, etc.—is certainly an extraordinary form of sybaritism of the nineteenth century."

The consumption of horse-flesh is, of course, almost universal, and even the subject of puffing: "A horse-butcher the other day exhibited the following placard: 'Horse of the first quality, from the stables of the Comte De Lagrange.'"

The writer says: "Some persons prefer it to beef, from the gamey flavor which it possesses, and compare it to *chevreuil*—the small doe venison of France—which certainly scarcely deserves the name; others particularly dislike it for the same reason. This is, however, simply a matter of taste. As good, wholesome food it has been universally eaten; and the soup made from it is declared by every one to be superior to that from beef."

Smaller game, however, is not neglected by these masters of the culinary art; and dishes indigenous to China now find favor in the most civilized capital of Europe: "Cat is eaten and sold openly; and although I never had the pleasure of partaking of a civet of the kind—to my knowledge—I can assure you that cats are relished by a good many people, and are quoted at six francs each, while dog is quoted at four francs the half animal. One journal declares that more than 24,000 cats have been sold and eaten. A student in medicine sent the following note to a friend: 'Come on Saturday to my rooms and eat a broiled cat, seasoned with pistachio nuts, olives, gherkins, and pimento, and washed down with Chablis. After dinner we will drink some Rhenish wine to the indivisibility of France.' At a good house the other day—the house of a *gourmet*—the bill of fare was: *filet de cheval rôti, escaloppes d'ânon*, plum-pudding, *au graisse de bœuf*."

On the subject of prices this correspondent says: "Bread is plentiful and cheap; ham, 6*s*. 8*d*. per pound; Lyons sausage, 12*s*.; a turkey, 52*s*. 6*d*.; a rabbit, 15*s*.; an eel, 15*s*.; a plate of gudgeons, 5*s*.; twelve eggs, 3*s*. 10*d*.; a cabbage, 15*d*.; a bunch of carrots, 2*s*."

The prices of delicacies are enormous: a *pâté de foie gras* costs 45 francs; and a turkey with forcemeat, 55 francs. This was on the 25th of December; now, in all probability, these prices are nearly doubled. But the beleaguered citizens bear up bravely—as yet. The writer in the *Food Journal* says: "In the midst of all our annoyances we have our jokes. When dinner is ready some one is sure to say, 'To horse, ladies and gentlemen, to horse!' Stories are told of commanders of besieged towns who presented to their guests, as choice dishes, a roast cat, garnished with a dozen of mice and a *salmi* of rats. The following is one of a dozen *vers de table*:

'We cheerily feast upon horse, dog, and cat,
Nor bother the cook with a question;
If the dish is well served, we're contented with that,
And nothing disturbs our digestion.'

"A woman is detected stealing out of a house with something hidden under her shawl; she is arrested, and a fine cat found upon her. 'Oh! pray do not expose me,' she cries, in a plaintive voice; 'it is for a poor sick friend!'"

In regard to the amount of food in Paris the *Indépendance Belge* of December 29 states, on the authority of a government official, who had just arrived in the south of France by a balloon, that the city has provisions enough to last until the 1st of February, and not, it is true, without privation, but by continuing the present system of rations—that is to say, she can eke out the ordinary means of subsistence with the help of rats, cats, etc. From that date she will have nothing but bread and wine, but this will be enough for her to live on. The *Indépendance* also states that General Trochu is determined to hold out in any case, and that he intends to intrench himself in one of the forts, with the full approbation of the population of the city. The same paper mentions a case described in the *Correspondance Havas* which goes far to prove that famine has already made great strides in Paris. A lady, aged sixty-six, was discovered on the 18th in a room of a hotel almost dead with hunger. This unfortunate lady was the widow of M. Hammelin, the French embassador to Constantinople in the reign of Louis Philippe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

☞ *In the attractive* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the commencement of a series of papers on the* ROMANCE OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY, *profusely illustrated; a view of* AUTUN, *the head-quarters of* GARIBALDI *in France; and other literary and artistic features of interest.*

THE "SERVICE" AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE debate in the House of Representatives upon the conduct of Admirals DAVIS and GODON in Paraguay resulted in a virtual vote of censure upon those officers. It is possible, but we hope not probable, that they will resign in consequence. But the circumstances should suggest what the preachers call some profitable considerations to the gallant gentlemen of the army and the navy. In his speech at the Pilgrim dinner in New York General SHERMAN spoke of the system of subordination which necessarily prevails in the military service. But there is a certain kind of moral insubordination, of which, perhaps, both services are more or less guilty. The very precision of the routine in which the officers are trained occasions an impatience, not to say contempt, of what they call "civil interference." It is a very general feeling, probably, in army and navy circles that Congress is a kind of impertinence, and its action upon military and naval subjects is derided as ignorant and stupid. "What does a country lawyer know of such matters, merely because he has bought an election to the House?" demands an impatient officer. "How can a service ever become efficient if it is to be interfered with and perpetually tinkered by ignoramuses?" The theory of these gallant gentlemen is, that a soldier should be Secretary of War, and a sailor Secretary of the Navy—forgetting that the tone and spirit of their criticism show conclusively the folly of any such system.

It follows naturally from this kind of feeling that when a naval officer, in a foreign port, is compelled by circumstances to take action in the interest of his Government, he is very unwilling to listen to the counsel, and wholly disinclined to obey the order, of the minister in that country. "The country lawyer again: what does he know of the laws and proprieties of such a situation as this?" is the instinctive question of the officer; and the result probably is that he acts upon his own responsibility, and even in defiance of the minister's wishes. The correspondence upon this very subject of Paraguayan difficulties between Mr. WEBB, our minister in Brazil, and Admiral DAVIS, illustrates the kind of jealousy of which we speak. There may not always nor often be open and flagrant refusal to co-operate; but there is often an action which is so devoid of zeal as to defeat, with apparent intention, the very object sought.

Now the two services ought to understand that the peculiar excellence of this government is that it is, so to speak, a government of country lawyers, and not of generals and admirals. It is a system in which the civil is to be always superior to the military power, except when, for its own salvation, it summons the military power to its assistance. The feeling in the army and navy of which we are speaking, and which, of course, we are far from attributing to every officer, is the feeling which logically results in a military despotism. There may be great inconveniences in making a lawyer Secretary of War; but there would be great danger in calling a general to that position as a matter of course. It may be very exasperating, as WASHINGTON found in the Revolution, for a general in the field to be subject to the movements of a legislative debate, but it is one of the conditions of a popular government. Its perils are fewer than the perils of the opposite system. There was a wonderful difference between the campaigning of FREDERICK the Great and that of WASHINGTON. The European martinets and the great soldiers must have smiled at a campaign conducted by a Congress; and what, cries the military gentleman, could NAPOLEON BONAPARTE have done under the superintendence and direction of a commission from Paris? Nevertheless, the greatest Secretary of War we have ever had was a lawyer.

Certainly every honest American officer who rises above the mere feeling of his profession into the purer perceptions of patriotism will agree that the very vital principle of our system is the total subordination of the military to the civil power. And the result of the war does not show that it is, upon the whole, an inefficient system. Ought it not, therefore, to be cheerfully recognized? Whenever Congress takes up a military or naval bill, ought the army and the navy to groan in spirit, as if a horde of meddlers and bunglers were let loose upon them? And when an admiral in a foreign port finds himself likely to be called into some kind of action, ought he not to hold himself entirely at the orders of the representative of the Government, assuming, of course, that nothing "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," in the truest sense of the words, will be required of him? It is now alleged that naval officers in such cases are accustomed to write home to the Secretary of the Navy for instructions! Nothing could be more exquisitely absurd; and the debate will be of the greatest service if it leads to the most distinct understanding and instruction that every naval officer in foreign ports is, under the general directions of the department, to submit himself to those of the resident diplomatic representative of the United States. If the navy or the army officers are of opinion that such representatives are apt to be noodles, they are at liberty to resign the commission of a government which chooses to be so represented.

ITALY AND AMERICA.

THE great meeting in New York to congratulate Italy upon her union and independence was one of the most imposing and significant meetings ever held in the city. It was the first real voice of America upon the subject; and what it said, and said so well, would undoubtedly be approved by seven-eighths of the people of the United States. Hitherto Italy and Europe have heard from this country only the voice of the members of the Roman Church, which, as one of its most respectable clergymen in the country says, permits here no difference of opinion upon the subject. But now they hear how Americans of all denominations, who believe in political self-government and religious liberty at home, rejoice when they see another country founding its future and its happiness upon the same immortal principles.

Such Americans—and so numerous are they that they may be truly called America—perceive in the events that have recently occurred in Italy a revolution, peacefully accomplished, in the interest of liberty and intelligent progress. They see a degrading despotism ended, and the sanguinary and horrible convulsions to which such a despotism always leads happily and wisely avoided. They see in the political emancipation of Rome from ecclesiastical control by the unanimous and hearty consent of the Romans themselves, who are also members of the Roman Church, the dawn of that better day which shall show the world a free, regenerated, and progressive Italy. We trust that the New York meeting will be but the first of a series of similar meetings all over the country, that the hearts of the brave Italians who have achieved so spotless and glorious a victory may be cheered and strengthened by the knowledge that the great heart of America beats in sympathy with theirs.

The duty of American Roman Catholics would seem to be to show to this country that their Church does not ask nor need to exercise the absolute political control of any body. They should be anxious, if they would conciliate American sympathy, to show that they gladly acquiesce in the rescue of their Church from the political responsibility of the notorious wretchedness of Central Italy. They should say what Father HYACINTHE recently said in London of the situation in Rome. And Father HYACINTHE, when he was in this country, declared that if to be born a Roman Catholic, to believe the creed, to honor the traditions, and to hope for the triumph of his Church made him a Roman Catholic, there was no better under the sun; so that his words are to be regarded as those of one of the most devoted members of his communion. "The temporal power of the Pope," says the good father, "useful in its own age and for particular stages of European society, has long outlived its time. Thrice have I visited Rome. Thrice have I seen that power close at hand. Thrice have I labored to respect it. But I saw clearly that it rested only on the bayonets of France, and that when they were withdrawn it would crumble to pieces. It has crumbled; and I thank God for an event that will minister to the unity of Italy, to the regeneration of the Latin races, and, above all, to the reform of a Church always dear to me—the Catholic Church of Rome."

MR. GREELEY, CHAIRMAN.

THE election of Mr. HORACE GREELEY as chairman of what has been called the Tammany Republican General Committee of the City of New York should show Republicans in the interior of the State, and beyond the State, either that Mr. GREELEY is singularly deceived, or that the aspersion upon the Committee is unfounded. Mr. GREELEY, upon his unanimous election, made a speech which expressed a conciliatory spirit, and was admirably adapted to produce harmony. Whatever else may be said of him, nobody would seriously charge him with any kind of collusion with Tammany; and he says, nor will any one doubt his sincerity, that if it shall at any time be proved that any member of the Committee is acting in the interest of Tammany Hall, he will himself surely move his expulsion, if no one else anticipates him in so doing. Mr. GREELEY advocates a fresh enrollment of the Republicans in the city, and a minority representation upon the Committee—a principle which, it seems to us, will be difficult to apply to the election of a party committee, without organizing and perpetuating the very elements of discord which it is the wish of all to remove. Mr. GREELEY also declines to contest the authority of the State Committee to disband the city Committee, although he anticipates no such action; and he manfully refuses to be identified with any faction. He temperately commends the President, suggesting that, until a nomination of his successor is made, it is well to remember that General GRANT will be far better qualified for the Presidency in 1872 than he was in 1868.

As Mr. GREELEY has never taken any active part in the foolish dissensions that have latterly divided the party in the State, and is much too sensible a politician, as well as patriot, to indulge that kind of hostility which merely harms friends and delights enemies, it is fair to presume that an effort will now be made to produce harmonious party action in the city. The success of the effort, however, will depend upon one thing, and that is the belief of intelligent Republicans that the party is not managed by the agents of its enemies. There is much said of Tammany agents in the Republican Committee, and there are assertions openly made which, if true, are fatal to the character and influence of the Committee, because they show that Republican fidelity is impossible upon the part of certain members. Actual and conclusive proof of these assertions is difficult. But they rest upon the best "knowledge and belief."

Every honest Republican will hope that the allegations are untrue, and will gladly see them disproved. But if they are generally believed in the party, it will not be enough to say that they can not be definitely proved, and we shall see again what we saw at the last election—a schism which is fatal. It is the task of Mr. GREELEY to remove this suspicion, which destroys the party unity. Unless that can be done, we do not see upon what grounds he expects hearty co-operation from the "good Republicans" of whom he speaks, "who took no part in the election of this Committee." They are the same who refused to be bound in the autumn by the action of a committee which they believed to be improperly controlled. Let the chairman show that he disbelieves the reports of such malign influence, and he will have done a great deal to remove the injurious suspicion. He knows, of course, that if, as he truly says, he can not afford to be identified with a faction, neither can he afford to be regarded as a blind. Mr. GREELEY is in a position where he can be of the utmost service to the party and to the country. If the Republicans believe that he is an actual and not an honorary chairman, and if he persuades them that the evil stories which are told of Republican complicity with Tammany are untrue, his Committee will represent a harmonious party.

SYMPATHY WITH FRANCE.

A FRIEND asks, with great significance, whether "American culture, offended by American vulgarity, is quite loyal to American institutions?" The same question has been asked by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, and it is suggested by the tone of much of the ablest writing upon public affairs. At this time the question is asked with the more earnestness because the sympathy with Germany in the present war, and the rhetoric of some of the French leaders, are felt by many to blind such Americans to the fact that the cause of France is really that of republicanism and constitutional freedom, and that of Germany merely that of monarchy and military despotism. It is true, says our friend, that the proclamations of GAMBETTA and his associates are often foolish and false, and that the Committee of Defense do not of themselves constitute a republic; but do they not always declare that, if successful, they will appeal to the people to establish a republic? And if, even under the direful circumstances, they are successful, will not a republic certainly be attempted? On the other hand, if France succumbs to Germany, will she not surely be dismembered, and with dismemberment is not anarchy inevitable? What held the loyal sentiment of this country to its terrible task, in the darkest days of the war, but the consciousness of the chaos that would succeed the dissolution of the Union? And, therefore, will not every man who fears anarchy, and who wishes to see a republic in France, encourage in every way the success of the French struggle?

We stated last week why the responsibility of the present situation rests upon France. If, in renouncing the empire, the country had renounced the wanton war of the Emperor, and had demanded terms of Germany, and Germany had offered what was plainly inadmissible, then France would have continued the war with the encouragement of universal sympathy. But if the tide of war should now turn, and the Germans be swept out of the country, and a republic should be established in France, would it probably keep the peace with Germany? Would there be no old scores that would press for settlement? and is it likely that the people of France would long resist the appeals of the war party? If, indeed, the plain alternative were the government of France by Germany, or a republic—or if it were the restoration of LOUIS NAPOLEON, or a republic—most sensible men, we presume, would wish to see the republic tried. But are either of these alternatives presented? France having begun a war, and having refused to ask terms when her armies were beaten, Germany has no choice but to press on. And although with every French defeat, and in the degree that the war is prolonged, the victor's terms will be more stringent, yet Count BISMARCK has steadily asserted that France would determine her government for herself, but that Germany would certainly demand substantial guarantees against similar attacks.

The question, therefore, really is whether, for the chance of a republic in France, an American ought to wish to see Germany driven back over the Rhine without securities of any kind against future French assaults. The moral of such a position would be that if one nation begins a causeless war against another, and is defeated, and its government is overthrown by a *coup d'état* calling itself a republic, although without an appeal to the people, then we ought to hope that the nation which is attacked will be driven home again, and the *statu quo* restored. Now a nation engaged in an unjust war, which it has not taken reasonable measures to stop, can not expect the sympathy of Americans because it is a republic. A man who persists in doing wrong can not claim pity or support because he is getting the worst of it. It is very true that if the United States had provoked a war, and a hostile army were in the heart of the country, taking city after city, every American would doubtless forget the origin of the war, and fight to expel the enemy. But if the Committee of Defense had insisted, after Sedan, upon making peace, the enemy would not have been in the heart of France, or he would have had the hopes and prayers of the world against him.

But because the demand for peace was not made at Sedan, it may be said: because in a moment of incalculable disaster to the country the very wisest course was not adopted, is all sympathy to be refused to men bravely struggling to prevent the dismemberment of their native land? The reply seems to be plain. There is always sympathy in generous hearts for bravery any where, and if Paris should surrender before this paper is issued, and the Germans should offer dishonorable terms, and rural France should continue the contest, it would be with general sympathy. If we say that all war is wrong, we condemn both sides. But if we admit that war is justifiable, we can not deny that Germany, having been attacked, is in its right, until war reaches its legitimate solution.

Certainly, however, no man should be thought a lukewarm American, nor indifferent to national liberty and independence, merely because his sympathy is not given to every claim in the name of republic. Bad as the condition of Ireland may be, for instance, is it reasonable to suppose that life and liberty would be more secure there under a Fenian republic? If the war against Germany had been begun by republican France, and had taken the same course as now, and France were threatened with dismemberment, should we say that, because she was a republic, she had not invited that result, or that it would be right to interfere to prevent it? Or because a republic may follow the present war, if the Germans are defeated, ought we to forget that the contest, which the republican leaders opposed while they were in opposition, was adopted by them when they assumed power? That France will be perpetually agitated until there is another attempt at a republic, we firmly believe. That the chances of a republic would be increased by success in the present struggle, is unquestionable. But there are other considerations essential to a fair judgment of the situation which can not be forgotten, and which seem to us to be entirely overlooked by those who think solely of a French republic.

Undoubtedly the conflict of parties in France is one of the barriers to success. Operations are now carried on under the name of republic. But LOUIS BLANC confesses, by the reasons that he gives for opposing the calling of an Assembly, that he doubts whether the prevailing sentiment is republican. Then the political partialities of the generals affect and even paralyze military action. Again, the preference of rural France, and of the middle class in the cities, is monarchical. To them the republic is not *démocratique* only, it is *sociale*; and that, in their judgment, is sheer anarchy. It is not easy, as the facts show, to rouse them to enthusiasm for victory when victory means a government which alarms them, and which they abhor. It is unwise, therefore, to insist that American sympathy shall be unconditionally with the French in the pending struggle; and it is impossible to resolve the question into the simple antagonism of despotism upon the one side and a republic upon the other.

CERTAIN GENTLEMEN FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

The President very properly rebuked "certain gentlemen from the Pacific coast" who called to recommend the appointment of Senator Williams, of Oregon, to the cabinet, by saying that he was not aware of any vacancy, and by suggesting that when he wanted advice he would ask for it. It was the reduction to absurdity of the system which assumes that appointments to office are to be determined by every consideration but fitness. Senator Williams, indeed, was ignorant of the intention of "certain gentlemen from the Pacific coast," and the President did not permit their importunity to affect his regard for the Senator, and his appreciation of his ability. But the scene was a ludicrous illustration of the extraordinary popular theory of appointments to office. The irrepressible political managers usually concede that the President may select his cabinet advisers upon his own responsibility, and to satisfy himself, while they freely exercise their right of pressing upon him every kind of man, upon every kind of ground, for every other office. But it seems that they wish now to select his cabinet also.

How sincerely the President wishes that some reform in the civil service might be accomplished is evident from his Message. We have little doubt that he favors Mr. Jenckes's bill, of the principle of which Mr. Schenck, the minister to England, spoke so warmly. But the details of any scheme would demand very careful consideration. We have heard it stated that the members of the British Government are not entirely satisfied with the results of the system which has been adopted in England. The difficulty that we hear mentioned is that of ejecting incompetent officers. Such men live just within the requirements of the law, and so escape its exclusions. They live by the letter, and not by the spirit, and the service therefore suffers. Army officers know that it is not easy to get rid of their unworthy fellows, even by court-martial; and it is sometimes feared that, if the civil service were regulated by something of the same strict method, the results would not be what is hoped.

On the other hand, we know that the effect of the system of examinations for government clerkships is so good that employers often consult the list of the accepted candidates to select their responsible clerks. Difficulties there must, of course, be in every system of the kind. But whatever the objections to any particular scheme that may be offered for the reform of the civil service, they can not be so fatal as those to the present system. And if we wait to adopt a sanitary system until we find one that will utterly abolish disease, we shall die of infection in the mean while.

THE VICTORY OF THE REPEATERS.

The registry law in the city of New York is to be repealed. It was passed by the Legislature last winter, with the support of most of the Republican votes, and as a kind of consideration for the Tammany charter, for which many Republicans also voted. We objected to this action at the time as unsound policy. We stated what is universally true, that a bargain made with a sharper will end in a swindle. The result of the bargain is that the Tammany charter is the law of the city, and that the security of an honest election afforded by a registry law which sweetened that charter to reluctant Republican tastes will be abolished, so as to allow Tammany to vote early and often in the election of 1872.

We hope that thoughtful men throughout the country will remark this striking illustration of the unwillingness of the Democratic party to secure the purity of the ballot. Cheating at the polls in the city of New York is notorious. Evasion of the naturalization laws, repeating, stuffing, and false counting undoubtedly vitiated the election of 1868 in that city, and gave the State a Governor who was not the choice of the people. It is no answer to say that Republicans cheat also. We do not defend Republican cheating; but that it rivals the Democratic offense nobody in the city of New York who knows any thing whatever of the subject pretends. It is naturally the first object of every honest citizen, any where and of whatever party, to secure an honest poll. When that fails, every thing fails. When the people of the United States are convinced that the declared result of the elections is a swindle, the government will be very near a violent convulsion. And that is not a very improbable catastrophe if the most ordinary, and in proper cases extraordinary, safeguards of the ballot are despised. The duty of the honest citizens, then, is plain. It is to declare who shall vote, then to take care that only the voters vote, that they vote honestly, and that their votes are honestly counted and reported.

To this end laws must be adapted to the situation. If, for instance, there is to be a system of naturalization, it must be organized so as to attain its purpose. If the action of the State courts is found not to promote but to perplex the object, the process of naturalization should be transferred to another and efficient authority. Obviously, also, a public and authentic list of qualified voters is indispensable to a proper election; and this list should be made, under the law, in such a way as to make false voting, wherever it is probable, as difficult as possible. If the registration takes some time and some trouble, time and trouble should be gladly given, as the smallest possible sacrifice for the most desirable end. If the condition of one part of the commonwealth is so peculiar as to require more stringent safeguards than another part, the claim that they shall be applied to all parts or to none, upon the ground that laws should be equal, is to confound a substance with a form, and to connive at lawlessness under cover of respect for law. The registration in the city does not, indeed, prevent all cheating, but it makes it more difficult. To repeal the law is to make cheating easier. To repeal it under the pretense that it does not operate in districts where cheating of the same kind is practically impossible, is to show that the intention of the repeal is not the security of honest elections.

If the Democratic party, in repealing the present city registry law, upon the ground that it oppresses the legal voters of the city, would provide a more stringent defense against the known knavery of the city elections, no good citizen would complain. But the men who manage the repeal are the men who organize repeating; and the repeal of the registry law will be the victory of the repeaters.

Mr. MOTLEY.

The correspondence between Mr. Motley and the Secretary of State shows plainly that from the beginning of his mission to England Mr. Motley had not the confidence of the Administration, and also that he was not distinctly informed of it. Some readers of the correspondence may, perhaps, be of opinion that the loss of confidence was not justified by the facts; but that is a point of which the Administration must necessarily be the judge.

We find nothing in the correspondence to change the opinion which we have always entertained that, under the circumstances, it would have been wise for the Administration to confide to some trusty friend, with the intention of publication, the main fact, that while recognizing the ability, the character, and the honorable fame of Mr. Motley, and his satisfactory adjustment of certain questions between the countries, it felt that he was not heartily in accord with it upon the great question, and had therefore asked his resignation. An explanation of this kind, evidently authentic, would have satisfied the country. It involved no publication of elaborate correspondence, and it would have been respectful to a conspicuous public agent, who was also an eminent citizen.

It is evident that profound dissatisfaction with Mr. Motley existed long before Senator Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo treaty was expressed; and the reasons for not removing him earlier, which are stated by Mr. Fish—unwillingness to proceed summarily, and the negotiations in which Mr. Motley was engaged, pending the reserve of the *Alabama* question—are certainly plausible. But it is unfortunate that the removal did not take place before the acrid debate upon the ratification of the treaty, because in that case ill-nature itself could have found no connection between Senator Sumner's opposition and Mr. Motley's recall.

The correspondence is to be deeply regretted. Mr. Motley, evidently feeling himself ill-used, writes with warmth, and closes with an insinuation against the President which every friend of both will be sorry that he permitted himself to record. On the other hand, the Secretary of State closes in a tone of contempt for one of the most justly and honorably distinguished of American citizens which will amaze sensible men in Europe as much as it grieves them here.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

For many years past the *terra incognita* of the United States has been the region forming the head waters of the Yellowstone River, to the north of the Wind River Mountains. Traditions have prevailed for a long time of the existence there of a large lake, and of boiling springs and spouting fountains, of terrific waterfalls, and other wonderful works of nature. Trappers have looked into the mysterious region from the summits of the neighboring mountains, but did not dare any nearer approach, owing to the physical obstacles and the fear of Indians. Colonel Raynolds, in his last expedition into the Upper Missouri region, in which he was accompanied by Dr. Hayden as geologist, aimed to reach the locality referred to, but was prevented by deep snows and other impediments. We now learn from a Montana journal that a party of bold explorers from Helena, fourteen in number, under the lead of General H. D. Washburne, have at last solved the interesting problem, having visited the country, and returned, after an absence of six weeks, with a report of their discoveries. They left on the 17th of August, and proceeding to Fort Ellis, were there joined by an escort of five soldiers. Leaving this fort on the 22d of the month, they continued their route through Bozeman's Pass, and after a short time reached the valley of the Yellowstone. Up this stream they advanced for several days, until they arrived at the Great Fall on Cascade Creek. This was found to be upward of 350 feet in height, and of great magnificence, its swift waters flowing afterward through a cañon in some places 2000 feet in depth.

Still farther up the river they came to a region abounding in hot sulphur and mud springs, the heated vapors steaming forth perpetually through the openings in the soil.

Leaving the falls and proceeding up the river, they met with another remarkable series of springs and mud volcanoes. On one hill they found a large spring, filled with boiling water, gushing up in a basin formed of pure, solid brimstone. Around this were other springs of different characters, while sulphur occurred in inexhaustible abundance. A series of springs was seen in which the mud was constantly bubbling up in a kind of thick mush, one of them forming a volcano, from which the mud was ejected to a great height.

The most remarkable discovery of the party, however, was that of a valley abounding in geysers of enormous dimensions, the largest throwing a solid column of water from 150 to 250 feet in height. There were a dozen of large size, while the smaller ones were almost innumerable. As usual in these hot springs, the borders were constituted by a hardened deposit from the water of a silicious character and of great beauty, looking as if carved out by the art of the sculptor.

In the course of the expedition a lake of steaming hot water was found, 450 yards in diameter, resting in a basin which had been built up by its own overflow to a height of 50 feet. The ultimate destination of the party—namely, the Yellowstone Lake—was ascertained to be a body of water about twenty-two miles in length and fifteen miles in width, and at a level above the sea (as shown by the barometer) of about 8000 feet.

The length of time which the party was able to spend in this region of wonders was too limited to determine whether still greater marvels might not exist in the neighborhood; and we presume it will not be long before a thorough exploration of the whole region will be made, and all its hidden curiosities brought to light. One of the party, Mr. N. P. Langford, is, we understand, now in the East, for the purpose of delivering some lectures on the subject of the journey; intending also to prepare a detailed account of it to be published in one of our leading magazines.

In illustration of the statement we have already published in regard to the capture of a whale to the north of Behring Straits, having a harpoon embedded in its flesh which must have been inserted in Baffin Bay, a writer in a late number of the *Tribune* states that a similar circumstance occurred a number of years since, a harpoon being found in the body of a whale captured off the coast of Japan, which, from reliable evidence, had been implanted not thirty days before in Baffin Bay. Those who objected to this fact being taken as proof of a communication by water across the northern parts of America maintained that the passage of the whale had been made by way of Cape Horn; but apart from the improbability of this circuitous journey having been accomplished in so short a time, it was objected that the whales of the northern and southern seas are totally distinct as species, the heated waters of the tropics apparently confining each to its appointed limit.

Captain Hall, of arctic fame, continues the preparations for his arctic journey, and in the course of a late lecture announced his expectation of starting about May of the present year. His plan contemplates a visit, in the first place, to Newfoundland to make up his crew; thence he will proceed to the west coast of Greenland to take in supplies, and then to Repulse Bay to obtain about fifty dogs for his use in the journey. After that he goes directly to Jones's Sound, and passing up about 200 miles, will turn to the north, with the intention of getting as far toward the pole as possible before winter sets in. He will then go into winter-quarters; and in the spring of the coming year he hopes to proceed on sledges to the pole, with every expectation of reaching it in due season.

According to late advices from London, Sir Roderick Murchison, of whose illness we recently made mention, continues to improve; and it is hoped that before long he may be restored, in a great measure, to the full possession of his strength.

According to Professor Airy, the Gessoriacum of the historians of the Roman empire is not the modern Boulogne-sur-Mer, as has generally been supposed. On the contrary, he thinks that Dunkirk has the best claim to identification with the place in question.

Mr. Rupert Jones has lately published extracts from a letter written by a friend in South Africa, containing a reference to certain old paintings found upon the walls of caves, and made by the Bushmen. These pictures are said to be very varied, and to constitute a faithful representation of the manners, customs, modes of warfare, weapons, etc., of the race mentioned. Three different series of paintings were met with, one over the other; and as the most recent were believed to be upward of fifty years old, it was inferred that the undermost were very ancient. The colors are permanent, being derived from the ochreous concretions abounding in some of the sandstones of the interior of Africa, which, when broken open, are found to contain various shades of yellows, browns, reds, etc.; the broken concretions themselves serving as paint-pots. The importance of copying these paintings, and rendering them available for ethnological investigations, is urged on account of the fact that the Caffres are constantly destroying them, so that in the course of a few years they will probably become entirely obliterated.

We have already made some reference to the observations of Professor Tyndall in regard to the cause of the blue color of the Lake of Geneva, and to his ascribing it to the presence of solid particles of extreme fineness suspended in the water. The researches of Professor Tyndall, and of Professor Loret, on the same subject, have been reproduced by Professor Delafontaine, of Chicago, and lately presented before the Academy of Sciences of that city. As the result of his observations, he stated that common water, when crossed by a beam of light, becomes illuminated, and assumes a blue color, polarizing the light in the same way that air does, and that it loses this property on having undergone a complete purification by the removal of solid matter suspended in the liquid. His experiments were tried upon the Chicago River water in its natural state, which exhibited great illuminating power even after a rest of several weeks. By first filtering and then carefully distilling the same water, with the aid of permanganate of potash, for the purpose of removing the organic matter, he found that it lost almost the whole of its power of illumination.

A German writer recommends a new form for the construction of weather-cocks, or wind vanes, as being more suitable and less likely to be moved out of place by slight puffs of wind. The peculiarity of the vane consists in having two wings instead of one, united at an angle of forty-five degrees.

In reply to the question, Why does the salmon follow the artificial fly, and what does it take it to be? Dr. Gunther, the well-known ichthyologist, says that if we watch a prawn (one of the principal articles of food of salmon) in the sea, swimming in jerks, we at once observe that by means of the rod we impart to the fly the peculiar motion of the prawn; while the iridescence of the real creature is reproduced by the colors of the fly, which must vary according to the physical changes of the sky and water. No two things can be more unlike than a prawn and a dry, artificial fly; yet, according to Mr. Gunther, no two things are more alike than a swimming prawn and that same fly in the water, worked by a skillful hand.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 9.—The session of the Senate was chiefly occupied in considering Mr. Sherman's bill for the revision of the laws relating to the mints, assay offices, and coinage of the country. This makes the Mint a bureau of the Treasury Department, under a director appointed for five years. The discussion turned on the proposition to discontinue the charge of half of one per cent. for coinage. No action was taken.—In the House, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, introduced a bill to regulate the manner of making appointments in the civil service.

January 10.—In the Senate, petitions were presented praying for an amendment to the Constitution recognizing the Supreme Being. The act revising the Mint and Coinage laws was passed by a vote of 36 to 14, after the amendment reducing the charge for coining had been rejected.—The House took up the Senate San Domingo resolutions; and after some debate an amendment was adopted declaring that the government is not committed to the annexation scheme by these resolutions, which were then adopted.

January 11.—The Senate concurred in the House amendment to the San Domingo resolutions after long debate.—No business of general importance was transacted in the House.

January 12.—In the Senate, most of the day was taken up with the consideration of Mr. Trumbull's bill looking to reform in the civil service.—In the House, the session was occupied in discussing the Legislative and Executive Appropriation bill.

January 13.—Nothing of importance in the Senate.—In the House, a bill to provide for a commission to audit all claims for damages caused by the Anglo-Confederate steamers *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*, and for the issue of bonds of the United States for the payment thereof, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

January 14.—Senate not in session.—In the House, the consideration of the Appropriation bill was resumed. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was fixed at $8500; that of each Associate Justice at $8000.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

A bill has been introduced in the New York State Legislature relative to the rights and liabilities of married women, one of the provisions of which exempts the husband from liability for the wife's debts. A bill was also introduced to repeal the Erie Directors act, and provide for the election of a new board.

General Stoneman, commander of the Department of the Pacific, has issued an order declaring his intention to prosecute a relentless winter campaign against the Pinal and Tonto Indians in Arizona.

Hon. John Covode died January 11 in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of heart disease.

Red Cloud wishes the President to send provisions to Fort Laramie for his tribe, who are reported to be starving. The Crows stole sixty horses from them lately, he reports.

Negro children have been admitted by the public-school authorities into public schools in New Orleans, which were heretofore attended by white children only.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French army of the Loire has suffered a series of reverses, beginning on the 6th inst., and ending on the 11th with the occupation of the city of Le Mans by the Prussians under Frederick Charles. In these engagements the French lost over sixteen thousand men, and a large number of cannon and mitrailleuses.

The bombardment of the Paris fortifications is continued with great vigor. The barracks in Fort D'Issy and Fort De Montrouge have been burned, and large fires have occurred within the walls of Paris, caused by incendiary shells fired into the city at night. The latest reports state that the mines and countermines around Fort Mont Valérien were on the 15th in such close proximity that a collision was momentarily expected.

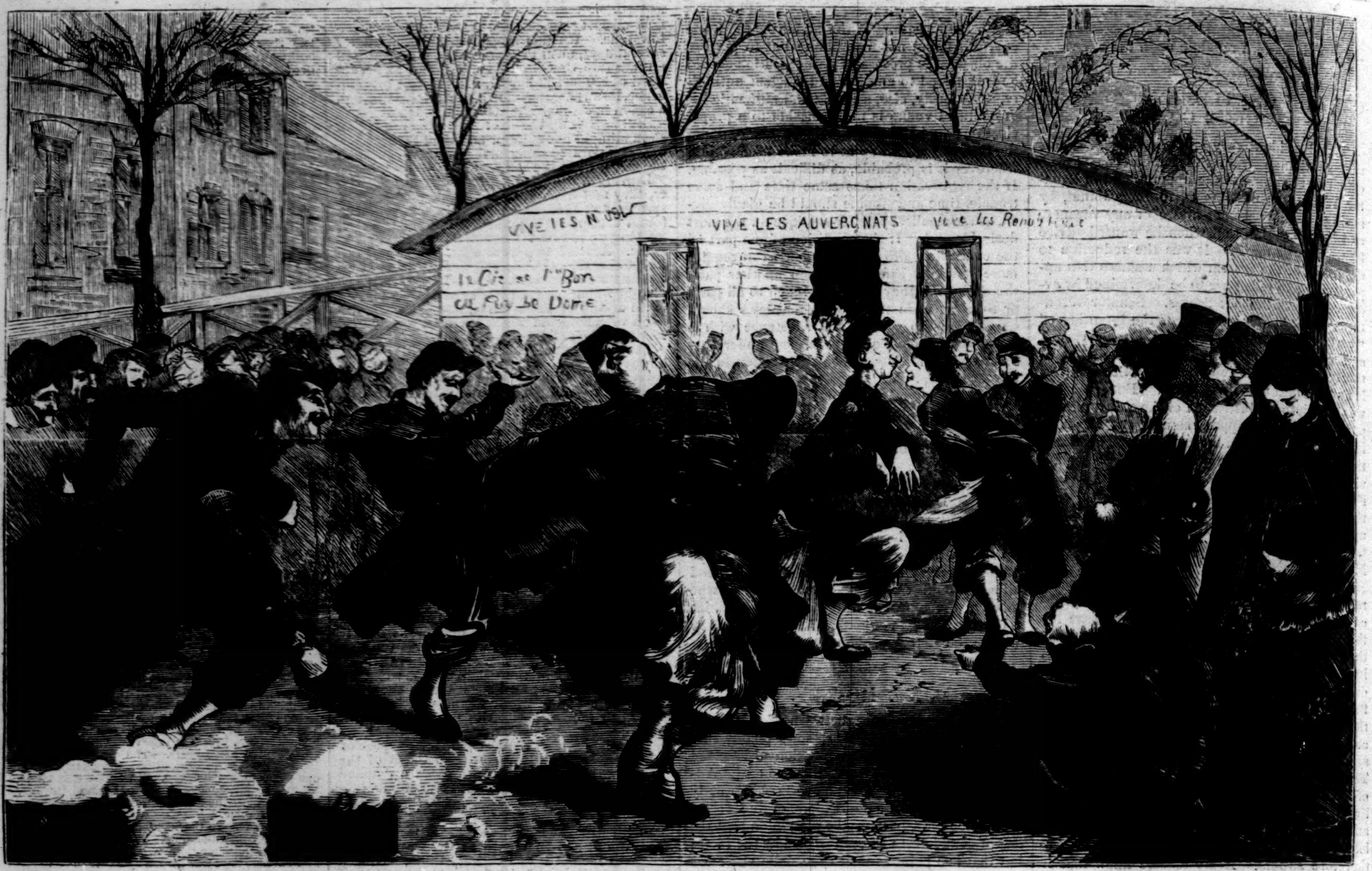
The capture of the fortified town of Perrone by the Germans secures a line of advance for the German reinforcements. The siege of Givet, on the Belgian border, has been raised.

A battle on the 9th inst. at Rougemont, Department of Doubs, is claimed as a victory by the French, who report having carried Villersexel, the key of the German position. This comes from Bordeaux. From Versailles the very reverse is telegraphed, the victory being claimed by the Germans, who say they defeated the French attempt to retake Villersexel.

The North German minister at Washington has received a telegram from Count Bismarck, dated the 13th, in which it is announced that the declaration that French merchant ships carrying nothing contraband of war would be exempt from capture is withdrawn, in consequence of the French treatment of German merchantmen, the withdrawal to take effect four weeks after the date of the dispatch.

The steamer *Hornet*, sent to Cuba by the revolutionists with arms and ammunition, landed her cargo on the 12th at Punta Brava, near Manati. The Spanish troops arrived shortly afterward and captured her entire cargo. They killed several of the expeditionists, and are in pursuit of the remainder. The officers of the *Hornet*, seeing the state of affairs on the shore, immediately went to sea.

Rev. Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, died suddenly on the 12th instant in London, aged sixty-one years.



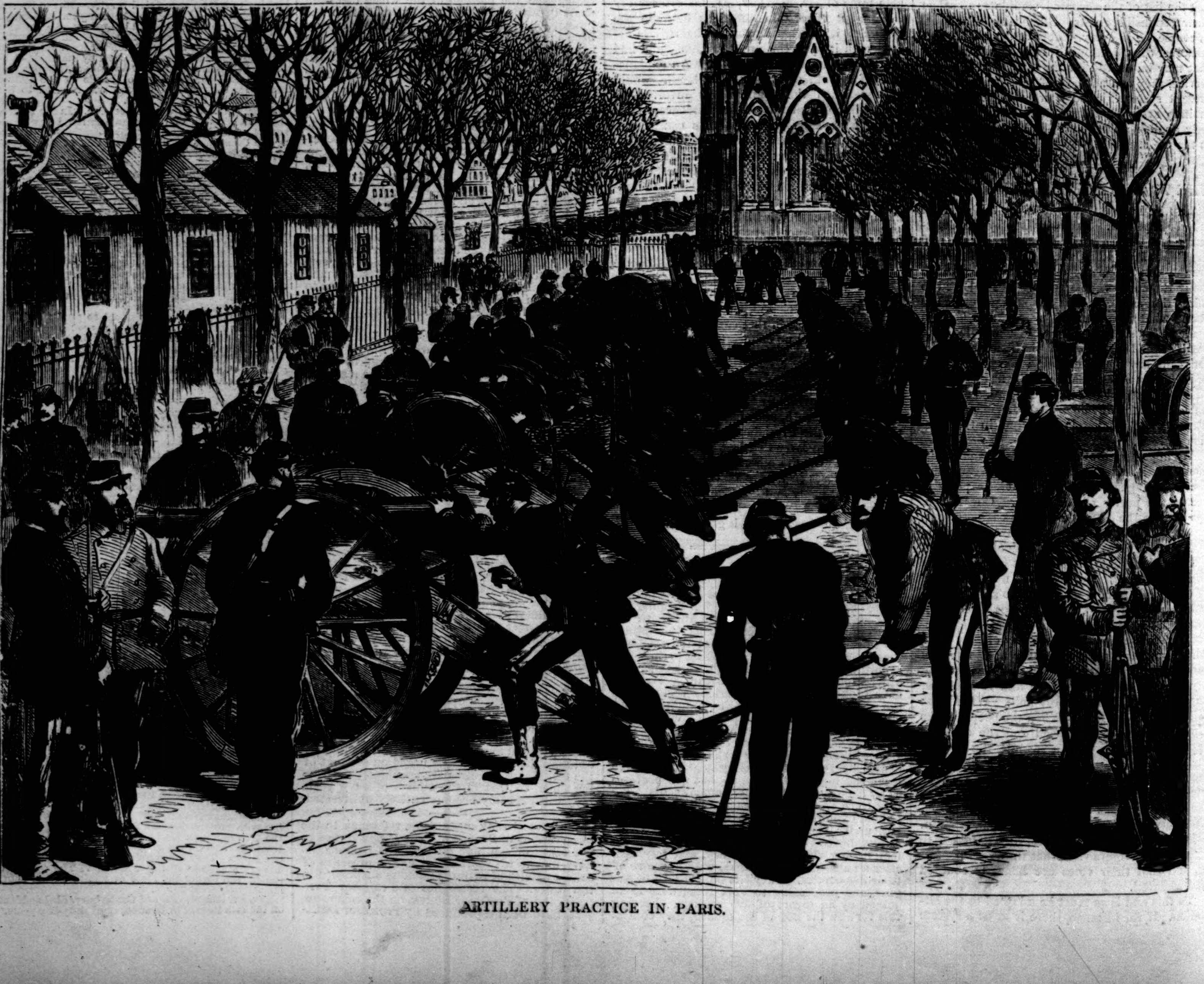
A DANCE OF MOBLOTS IN PARIS.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.

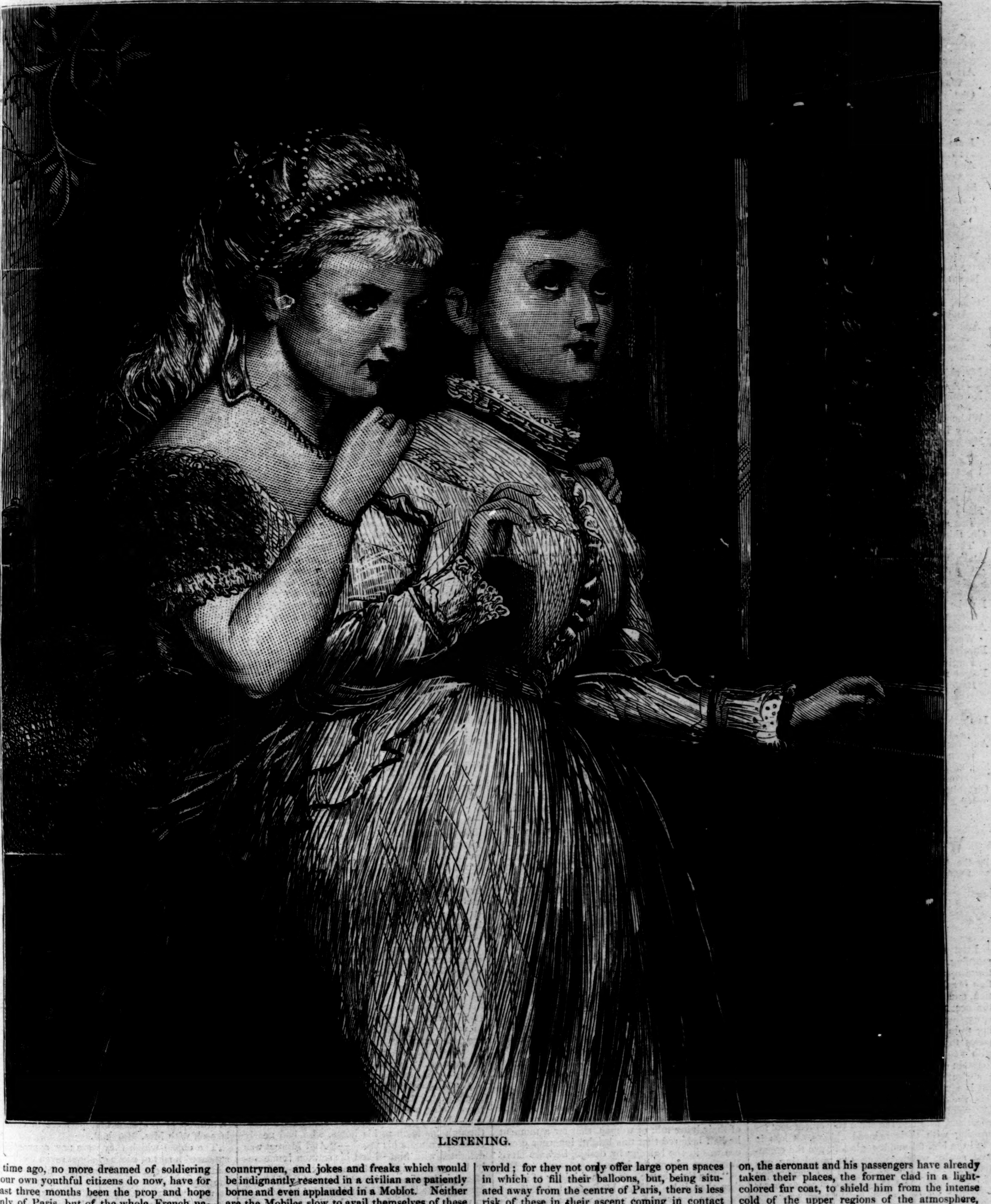
EVERY available spot in the beleaguered capital of France is turned to use for the purpose of drilling raw recruits into soldiers, and of perfecting them in the use of their several arms. Thus in an inclosure behind Notre Dame, as shown in the illustration on this page, some artillerists of the National Guards are taught expertness in the handling of their guns. The French are at length awake to the importance of artillery, having learned many a hard lesson on this point, and are making strenuous exertions, in Paris and elsewhere, to compete with their foe in this arm of the service.

A DANCE OF MOBLOTS.

ONE of the great features of the present war is the prominent part which the Garde Mobile have played in it. These young troops, who, a



ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.



LISTENING.

rt time ago, no more dreamed of soldiering n our own youthful citizens do now, have for past three months been the prop and hope only of Paris, but of the whole French na- n. Not that they have always acted with un- al bravery. By no means. In several engage- nts, and notably in the skirmishing before eans and Rouen, they seem to have behaved h astonishing cowardice. Still it must be ad- ted that those dreadful Landwehr men are, in ny cases, already veterans of two campaigns— , the Danish and Austrian—and all fresh m unparalleled victories over the hitherto in- cible Zouaves and Turcos. It is not to be ndered at that the poor inexperienced Moblot some misgivings at the sight of men who had quished troops which he had always been ght to look on as the bravest in the world.

n many cases, however, the Mobiles have wn themselves indubitably brave, and as ca- le of enduring hardship as the most seasoned npaigner extant. This is more especially ex- plified in Paris, where a long course of drill- , and a little familiarity with, at least, the t of the enemy, have imbued the Moblot with ood deal of that contempt of danger which is necessary in the making of a good soldier.

hus the Mobiles are high in favor with their countrymen, and jokes and freaks which would be indignantly resented in a civilian are patiently borne and even applauded in a Moblot. Neither are the Mobiles slow to avail themselves of these privileges, for, endued with an irrepressible fund of mirth, they have greatly contributed to keep up the Parisian spirits during the siege.

This jollity has been by no means damped by the tediousness and monotony of besieged life, and the sketch on page 76 represents him dancing as energetically and with as much gusto as though again tripping it in a primeval ball-room of Auvergne or Brittany.

DEPARTURE OF A BALLOON.

THE departure of balloons from Paris takes place only at night, and the time is rigidly concealed from all save those immediately concerned, in order to avoid as far as possible the chances of its being communicated to the enemy, and thereby exposing the aeronauts and their precious freight to the fiery rockets and other projectiles with which the Germans are prepared to favor them. As in old times, the railway stations are still the places from which passengers and letters take their departure for the outside world; for they not only offer large open spaces in which to fill their balloons, but, being situated away from the centre of Paris, there is less risk of these in their ascent coming in contact with buildings. The engraving on page 81 represents the departure of one of these balloons from the Gare du Nord at half past eleven o'clock at night. The balloons start from one of the court-yards of the station, which is lighted up with the lamps belonging to the now disused locomotives. Perfect silence is maintained while the necessary preparations are made, and the shrill whistle directing the workmen engaged in performing the various operations is the only sound heard. About half an hour previous to the time fixed for the departure a post-office van arrives with the sacks of letters and the copies of the *Journal Officiel* intended to serve as ballast. These are at once placed in the car, to which is also attached (as shown in the sketch) a basket containing pigeons, and addressed, "Pigeons—to be immediately forwarded to Tours." If the night should be foggy and the wind favorable, the countenance of the Director-General of the Post-office is beaming with satisfaction, for he knows that the balloon will both leave without being perceived by the enemy, and will fall far outside their lines. The car has been fixed on, the aeronaut and his passengers have already taken their places, the former clad in a light-colored fur coat, to shield him from the intense cold of the upper regions of the atmosphere, when an aid-de-camp of General TROCHU arrives, out of breath. His dispatch is handed to the aeronaut, the command "Let go!" is given, and the balloon soars majestically into the air. The spectators watch it clear the glazed roof of the station, and it disappears into the night; but for a few moments after they can still hear the adieus of the travelers, who are carrying with them into the outer world so many messages of love and hope from the sorrowful inhabitants of the beleaguered city.

As the balloon can carry but a limited amount of freight, and the number of persons who wish to send messages is very great, the size and weight which each letter must not exceed are prescribed by the authorities. Thin paper is consequently in great demand, and a studious brevity of expression is cultivated, even by female correspondents. Artist in the beleaguered capital, who send sketches to the illustrated journals, make use of the finest tracing-paper for this purpose, and in many cases make their drawings very small, in order to send a number by the same mail.

PARIS, NEW-YEAR'S, 1871.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

Arise, hollow-eyed and forsaken,
Arise from dreams splendid and vain;
The dawn is at hand, to awaken
Thy children to battle again.
Art not wearied of passion and splendor?
Was there nothing but semblance and show?
Oh! Paris, once true and once tender,
Lament thy old nobleness now.

PARIS.

I am haunted, and a voice
In the darkness cries aloud;
And the forms of by-gone joys
Across my eyeballs crowd.
Strange whispers wake me—what is this?
Alas! I dreamed that, as last year,
Once more the passionate music-bliss
Thrilled through me, and the past was here.

VOICE.

You drowned, in the whirl of your dances,
A voice that would never be mute;
But dead are illusions and fancies,
And hushed is the song of the lute.
Gone, gone, is your holiday lover,
And silent the hymn of your praise;
And only around you there hover,
Accusing, the Spectres of days.

PARIS.

My children perish on my walls,
My children perish for my sin;
No sound of music in my halls,
No joy my palaces within.
Without, the hosts expectant wait,
My little ones with famine cry,
My heart is broken with my fate;
So let it break, and let me die.

VOICE.

You danced, with a gibe at things holy,
A jest at things lofty and pure;
There was nothing but scorn for the lowly,
But scorn for the poor who endure.
Go, think of the years of your glory,
Then make up the tale of your lost;
And on each battle-field of your story
Count up, in your tears, what it cost.

PARIS.

I wake from dreams; the colored veil
Drops now, and all the world is gray;
Accusing women, wan and pale,
Weep where their children used to play.
Forgive me, thou, best blood of France,
Forgive thy mother's sin and shame;
Forget my teachings: so, perchance,
Restore in time my trampled name.

VOICE.

Is there hope? Look to suffer more sorrow,
Make ready thy daughters for tears;
And for many and many a morrow,
Weep still for the wasting of years.
See, see, a new day; but 'tis breaking
Beyond the close ranks of thy foe;
Oh! bitter and sad the awaking,
My Paris—arise to new woe.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DANCING ATTENDANCE.

Life at *The Grand* begins betimes in the morning, for there are some who believe that a few drops of nasty water from a spa, if taken before breakfast, will repair a shattered constitution, and even refit it for another voyage upon the ocean of Excess; very early, therefore, a straggling procession of shaky folks is seen issuing from the hotel portals, and betaking themselves to the Temple of Hygeia, a damp well, with a couple of spigots in it, each of which is a fountain of health. The one on the right hand is a sovereign medicine for the liver; that on the left is equally efficacious for the spleen. Among this wobegone crowd may be observed not a few young people afflicted with disorders of the affections, who find the spa a convenient spot for meeting with their beloved objects. Glass in hand the bashful maiden, glass in eye the enamored swain, wander about the undulating and many-seated "grounds," which the corporation of Shingleton has laid out at a great expense, ostensibly for recreation, but in reality for this very purpose. The undulations are little knolls embowered in trees, and, like the seats, adapted for two persons only. For Shingleton-on-Sea is one of the great matrimonial marts to which the fashionable of both sexes repair when London is a desert: the flirtations which have formally received the paternal or maternal consent are carried on here every afternoon to the soft music of the spa band; but those in embryo, or which are regarded by the domestic authorities with disfavor, are pursued in the morning only, under favor of Hygeia. To say of a young lady at Shingleton that she takes the waters early, is to hint that she has a clandestine attachment; while in the case of a young gentleman, the simple phrase, "He has a liver," has a signification with his rude companions beyond its mere anatomical truth.

The early visitors to the spa are, however, but few in number compared with the rest of the inmates of the hotel, who are for the most part late sitters and late risers. The breakfast epoch for those "upon the establishment" ranges from nine to eleven, and that meal, in the private sitting-rooms, is sometimes served at an even later hour.

The Pennants were no sluggards, yet Mabel Denham, fresh from the country parsonage, and accustomed to early hours, found, on her descending to their parlor, a chamber-maid sweeping the carpet, and not even the breakfast-cloth laid. It was but natural, then, that in order to escape the dust and the coming waiter, she should come out into the balcony, where the sea-breeze was blowing freshly, tossing the boats, and creaming the waves, and giving life to every object. How delightful every thing looked, and was, thought she, at Shingleton! How pleasant it must be to be rich, and able to live at such a place as *The Grand* all one's life! (The Pennants were not rich, but during our honey-moon we can afford to be a little extravagant, or we have no business to marry at all.) How nice every body was she had yet seen, and how anxious to please her! Mrs. Marshall, it is true, was rather talkative, but then she was very good-natured. That dear old Professor had quite won her heart; he was so kind and gentle, notwithstanding all his learning; and really Mr. Winthrop had been very civil, though Frederick had said last night, when his opinion was asked about him, that he was "a beast." Frederick was charming, only his expressions were a little strong when he was put out; and he *had* been put out—upon *her* account, dear fellow, not his own—by that stupid man's interrupting her song. How foolish of her it had been to stop and be so frightened! Why, as Mrs. Marshall had said, "the man had only expressed his pleasure at the performance, though in a vulgar way;" and it certainly would have been "a much more disagreeable thing if he had hissed." How beautiful that yacht looked coming out of the harbor, with its great sails shining like angels' wings! But how very much on one side it was! She would have liked it to keep straight and safe. And why were the sails of the fishing-boats all red? Perhaps to save washing. How far the sea stretched! Limitless as Eternity itself. How bright and pure and sparkling, as though it felt the smile of Heaven! How easy it must be to be good with such a sight always before one! How early people began croquet! No; it was only a young man knocking the balls about with his foot. Good gracious! what *was* she to do? He had actually taken off his hat to her! Ought she to bow—for she saw it was Mr. Winthrop's son—or to go indoors at once? She did neither, but only blushed exceedingly, and stared out to sea—not to see *him*. He had a very bold, disagreeable look, which she did not wish to meet again. She hoped he was not to accompany them in their expedition that day, for Frederick had taken even a greater dislike to him than to his father. He was still looking at her, with his hat off, and it made her very hot and uncomfortable. But she would not be driven in by his rudeness, nor notice it in any way.

"A silver sixpence for your thoughts, Miss Mabel," said a voice, so sudden and so close beside her that, gentle as it was, it "made her jump." But she was delighted to find the Professor at her elbow, in such trying circumstances, and welcomed him with grateful eyes.

"I was looking at the light-house on that far promontory," said she, "and thinking how nice it must be to live there all alone."

"That was a very cruel thought, my dear young lady," said Mr. Flint, unconscious of the fib; "but still, here's the sixpence."

"But that is not a sixpence, nor a silver coin at all; it is a gold one."

"Yes, because you can not hang a sixpence on to your chatelaine, where I wish you to hang this. It is a Celtic ornament, and may, for all we know, have been some maiden's amulet more than a thousand years ago. If my good-will could endow it with magic charm, care should never furrow that happy brow of yours. Will you wear it for my sake?"

"Indeed I will, Mr. Flint. But the coin is so pretty—and doubtless rare—that I hardly like to rob you of it."

"It is very old," said the Professor, gravely, "and therefore the more fit to remind you of the giver." There was a short pause, during which Mabel caught once more the noise of the croquet balls, and blushed. Mr. Flint also heard it, and looking down, recognized the younger Winthrop.

A frown passed over the Professor's face, followed by a look of ineffable sadness. He had lived so wholly among men, and heard so much of their lying talk of women, that for a moment he half believed that this bright, innocent creature was in the balcony by design, because Horn Winthrop was on the lawn.

"The light-house you were thinking of is farther than it looks, Miss Denham; but it is not far from the spot for which we are bound this morning. When you are tired of our antiquarian researches—which doubtless you soon will be—we will visit it."

"I should enjoy that of all things," said Mabel. "There has always seemed to me something almost sublime about a light-house, where folks watch, while others sleep, to warn their fellow-creatures of peril."

"What a pity it is," mused the Professor, thoughtfully, "that there are no light-houses for landsmen and landswomen—no sleepless eye to warn *them* of shoal and rock—of the Shallow and the Cruel! at least save the eye of God," added the Professor, reverently: "may *that* watch over you, young lady, and guard you always from all harm."

There was a gravity in Mr. Flint's manner which, while it convinced Mabel of the genuineness of his regard, depressed her. Even the best of us, when we are young, are somewhat of Dame Quickly's opinion, that there is no need to speak of serious matters yet; and it was a positive relief to May when her brother-in-law appeared at the open window, summoning her to breakfast, and denouncing her for flirting with Professor Flint instead of attending to the tea-pot.

They had a very merry meal, during which the Celtic amulet did not escape Mrs. Pennant's observant glance, and was the cause of a great deal of raillery on the part of her husband, who professed to see in it all the signification of "an engaged ring."

After breakfast an open carriage was ordered for the party of the previous evening; the Professor sitting inside with the ladies, and Frederick on the box. Mr. Winthrop, accompanied by his groom, was on horseback. He rode close to the vehicle, and always—as Mrs. Marshall remarked to herself, with intense satisfaction at her own sagacity—upon that side of it on which Miss Denham sat. It was all nonsense that his presence was necessary there to direct the driver to their destination. He was an excellent horseman, and the steed he rode excited even Mr. Pennant's admiration. His hat, on which was a slender band of black, concealed his slight baldness, the only evidence of age which his appearance exhibited; and he looked scarce five-and-thirty. It was difficult to conceive of him that he was the father of the tall, swarthy youth who was lounging on the hotel steps as they took their departure, and to whom he hurriedly introduced them as they started. He made himself as agreeable as the circumstances permitted, which were certainly not favorable for conversation. Equestrian exercise never is, which is doubtless the reason why great talkers seldom use it: the clatter of hoofs and the rapid motion are incompatible with the interchange of intelligent ideas, and the wisest man, when he mounts his horse, becomes either commonplace or dumb. This is especially the case when the rider has to discourse with others who are on wheels; what he hears is half rumble; he is blinded by the dust, or smacked on the cheek by the mud of the road, which sticks there, and renders him ridiculous; he has to break off in the middle of an eloquent sentiment because the way grows narrow, or he meets a wagon; and by the time he has resumed his place, and concludes his sentence, he finds his hearers have either forgotten his existence, or are talking of something else, or have taken advantage of his temporary absence to turn his opinions into ridicule. Finally, the horse, even if it is "a clever horse," is one of the stupidest of created animals, and is almost certain, if the chance is offered, to "bark" either his own leg or that of his rider against a wheel.

Mr. Winthrop, for example, who is full of social anecdote this morning, has a capital story to tell the ladies about the clergyman of Shingleton. "The living, you know" (bump, bump, and a twig of a tree in his eye), "is in the gift of Lord Muscat."

"Lord Muskrat?" says Mrs. Marshall; "what a funny name!"

A butcher's cart drives Mr. Winthrop into the rear before he can set right this mistake, which renders his story ridiculous at starting, and spoils the point.

"Lord Muskrat belongs to the Shrew family," remarks the Professor, gravely. "They possess the peculiarity of having webbed feet."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Flint, you don't say so?" cries Mrs. Marshall. "Now that's very curious. The Winthrops themselves, as I was telling Mrs. Pennant last night, have also something very peculiar about them. Their fingers are not exactly webbed, but— But here he comes again."

"Lord Muscat is the patron of the living," explains Mr. Winthrop, flushed with exertion, and out of humor with his horse, who is worried by flies; "and when it fell vacant the other day he gave it to the present rector, under the following circumstances."

The circumstance immediately following was a mail-cart, coming up at twelve miles an hour, which drove Mr. Winthrop forward at a canter, and postponed the narration for full a minute. In the mean time the conversation was turned upon letter-carriage in the present day, the speed of which the Professor is contrasting with that in vogue during his boyhood, and the company are just getting interested in an illustration of slow delivery, when Mr. Winthrop strikes in again with, "It was in a church at Bethnal Green—you have heard of the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*, Miss Deuham—that Muscat heard him preach. He was doing somebody else's duty there, being what I believe is called a hack parson.—Hold up, *will* you, you stupid beast!" (this through his teeth to his horse, who had nearly come down upon his nose).—"And Muscat was delighted with him—liked his sermon immensely, because it only lasted five or six minutes, and after service thus addressed him: 'I am Lord Muscat; the living of Shingleton, which belongs to me, is vacant. In all probability I shall give it to you; but I live there myself, so you must let me see your wife.'"

Here the road narrowed, and Mr. Winthrop had to retire again, leaving every body very uncomfortable.

"I hope he is not going to tell us a gentleman's story," whispered Mrs. Marshall to Mrs. Pennant.

Nobody else spoke; all remained in a state of tension and embarrassment until Mr. Winthrop once more appeared. "I think it was so nice of his lordship," said he, "to find out first, before giving the man the living, whether his wife was a lady or not; it showed such consideration for society."

"I don't think it showed much consideration for the clergyman's feelings," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"One pockets one's feelings when one pockets twelve hundred a year," answered Mr. Winthrop; "that is," added he, hastily, perceiving Mabel's look of displeasure, "it is only too usual to do so."

There are few things more difficult than for a cynical man of the world to ingratiate himself with an honest young girl who has a sense of justice; the caustic speech which long use has rendered natural to him is not only unappreciated, but unwelcome to her, and he needs all his intelligence to repair the errors of his own wit. Mr. Winthrop was a cynic to the back-bone; he had been all round the world, and found it "a very small affair"—not too large, indeed, to have been made solely for his private pleasure and advantage. The misfortunes of others, so long as they did not affect himself, failed to depress him or distress his mind; and he took the utmost possible care of his constitution; but still he was not quite the man he had been. The bald spot on the top of his head affected his spirits. He would have devastated a province, if by so doing he could have restored that little handful of hair; not from vanity, but because its loss perforce reminded him that he had passed the table-land of middle life, and was beginning that long descent every step of which is a bathos; the pleasures of life had begun to pall with him, and, as usual, sarcasm had taken the place of youthful spirit. He knew that this was a sore impediment in the way of ingratiating himself with a young girl like Mabel Denham; but he had never yet failed in an attempt to make himself agreeable to the other sex, and he was surely not yet too old to succeed in this case. To fail would not only be a disappointment—it would be a catastrophe, for it would convince him of his own decline. It was bitterness to him to have to swallow his bitter words, and to affect sentiments he despised; but to have to acknowledge to himself that he was no longer young would indeed be gall and wormwood. Mr. Winthrop hated hypocrisy, because it gave him trouble, and lying, because it was a strain upon his memory; bother of all kinds was distasteful to him; but having once set his mind upon the attainment of any object, he was prepared for sacrifices that would have been shrunk from by many a less selfish man.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PROPHETESS OF EVIL.

"We are nearing our destination now, ladies," cried the cavalier, as the road began to dip, and then to follow the windings of a shallow stream.—"There is the hill, Professor, of which I spoke; and half-way up it is your treasure-house. As luck will have it, too, there are a couple of men at work yonder, whom we may impress into our service.—George" (this to his groom), "gallop off to those fellows, and bid them come down here."

The groom obeyed; and the "fellows," by no means unwillingly, left their field-work—they had been digging up roots—and came down to the carriage, with axe and spade.

"Are these the same poor men, Mr. Winthrop, whom you saw before?" inquired Mabel, in a low voice.

"To be sure, to be sure," answered he, eagerly. "Here; you remember me, my men. I gave you a shilling the other day for an old bone; well, here is half a sovereign for you—since this young lady here thinks you deserve it—and if you will dig for us where we tell you, you shall be paid for your services besides."

"A very satisfactory arrangement for every body except their own master," observed Frederick, dryly. "Moreover, as a matter of fact, you have no more right to dig on that hill without permission than to break into its proprietor's house."

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the Professor, contemptuous of this technical difficulty. "Let us have none of these frivolous and vexatious objections. Set to work, my boys, set to work."

The "boys," who were about his own age, and prematurely bent with that primeval agricultural curse, the rheumatics, shouldered the implements on which they had been leaning, and began slowly to climb the hill. Mr. Flint descended from the carriage with alacrity, and before Mr. Winthrop, who had by this time dismounted, could interfere, had handed Mabel down, and offered her his arm.

"Come along, Ju," said Frederick, jumping down from his perch, and opening the door upon the other side for her to alight; "a man must cleave to his wife, saith the Scriptures." So Winthrop of Wapshot had perforce to content himself with Mrs. Marshall.

The object which they were now approaching appeared a sort of niche of about seven feet long, and very narrow, which had been disclosed but the day before by the removal of a tree-trunk. It was "a bit of a squeeze," as Mrs. Marshall observed, to push through this opening into the cave beyond; and when you had done so, it was that lady's opinion that it was hardly worth while to have "gone through so much to see so little." There was hardly light enough, in fact, to see any thing; but the Professor, who was used to such explorations, and had the eyes of a cat, expressed himself more than satisfied with the exploration. This cave, the opening of which had so long been hidden by a débris of stones and vegetable earth, was in the solid rock, and perfectly dry and cool. The flooring was of "made ground," and quite intact, save where the men had been digging on the previous day. Mr. Flint was shown the exact spot where the precious bone had been discovered, and stooping down and groping in the half-light, his own fingers came upon some object, which caused him to utter a sharp cry.

"What is it?" was the universal inquiry.

"Let us get out into the light and see," quoth the Professor. His hand was bleeding, but his thoughts were far too occupied to observe it. The gravity of his face was lighted up by a look of intense triumph. "Do you see this weapon?"

cried he, after a short silence, holding up what he had found.

"I see a stone with a sharp point," said Frederick. "Ju, my dear, you always carry court-plaster about with you, I know; give a bit to the Professor."

"It is nothing less than a flint knife!" exclaimed the latter, exultingly, and without noticing this benevolent suggestion. "Look where it has been wrought and chipped! I have seen hundreds of them, and can not be mistaken.—My dear Winthrop, I congratulate you; this discovery is of incalculable value. I make no doubt but this cave was a human habitation in pre-historic times. It shall be known to science by your own name, as Winthrop Cavern."

"You are very good," replied that gentleman, somewhat precipitately; "but I beg you won't. I am really not deserving of that honor."

"It shall be henceforth known as Winthrop Cavern," reiterated the Professor, solemnly.

"Well, I only hope you may prove right, that's all," murmured the recipient of so much honor; "because if it turns out to be nothing particular, it will make me very ridiculous."

"Nothing particular!" roared the Professor. "Is it nothing to reflect that until yesterday that home of primeval man may not have been looked upon by his fellow-creatures for thousands of years! Is it nothing that in that cavern, into which have just been admitted the rays of our summer sun, he found warmth and shelter from the inhospitable and glacier-covered earth, and from a climate compared with which that of the arctic regions may be called temperate! I tell you that if a human bone should be discovered in yonder place it would be worth its weight in gold. It would prove that in the same epoch as that of the Cave Bear—"

"Here's a boar-pig's tooth for you, Sir," said one of the laborers, coming out from the cave, where he had been assiduously digging within while the Professor had been haranguing without; "and it's a good big un too."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Flint, with an uneasy frown; "the pig had no existence before the diluvial inundation. Give it to me, my good man. Why, gracious powers! this is the upper molar of a bison!"

A child with a new toy, a miser who has found a sixpence, a maiden in whose ear her lover has just breathed his welcome passion for the first time, are faint types of the Professor's joy as he gazed upon the misshapen bone.

"What is that he says, my dear, about a mole and a basin?" whispered Mrs. Marshall.

"Hush!" said Mabel; "listen!"

But the Professor was speechless, wrapped in veneration of this relic of antiquity, out of respect to which he had actually taken off his hat.

"Is a bison more wonderful than a Cave Bear, then, Mr. Flint?" inquired Mabel, deferentially.

"Not at all, my dear," answered the Professor; "but the point is that this has been found *in situ*, and under my very eyes; the other bone I had only Mr. Winthrop's word for, and he might have stolen it from a museum, for all I knew."

"Very true," observed Mrs. Marshall, with that welcome which is always afforded in a scientific inquiry to an observation that one can thoroughly comprehend.

"Upon my word!" remonstrated Mr. Winthrop.

But Mr. Flint, quite unconscious of having given offense, pursued his self-congratulations. "These precious relics are like ghosts," said he, "they so rarely come to us, except at second-hand. Such good fortune as this befalls a man but once in a lifetime. Give me the spade, man, and let me dig for myself. And do you, ladies and gentlemen, please to stand aside, and let the light help my old eyes as much as it can."

So the Professor worked away in his shirt-sleeves within the cave, every now and then coming forth excitedly, with some new wonder, which, however, to the ladies at least, required his explanation before it could be recognized as such; for stones unset, and bones in need of setting, have little significance to the uneducated eye; and what are called "flint weapons" of the pre-historic times seem to differ little from that historic one with which David slew Goliath.

After an hour or two of watching and listening the interest of the spectators flagged a little; the heat in their exposed position upon the treeless hill was also somewhat trying; and with their pre-historic dreams began slowly to mingle the idea of lunch.

It was felt that the Professor would regard any interruption of his occupation as a sacrilege, and Mr. Pennant was, by common consent, deputed to break this delicate subject.

"My dear Mr. Flint," said he, "have any of those bones in there got meat upon them?"

"Meat? Of course not," answered the paleontologist, contemptuously. "But observe how the long bones have been broken, with the object of extracting the marrow. When we get home I will point out to you notches in them, which prove the flesh has been cut off by some sharp instrument; there are also traces of the action of fire. Ah! only see what I've got here!" Here Mr. Flint emerged from the cave, bearing in his hand a small and sharpened object, which he regarded with the air of one who has, at all events in this world, nothing more to wish for. "There is only one such another," cried he; "and that is in the Museum of St. Germain. This is certainly the whitest day in the whole calendar of my life!"

"But what is it, Professor?" inquired his audience, once more stimulated into interest by his impassioned air.

"It is nothing less than a whistle!" exclaimed he, excitedly.

"A whistle!" echoed Mrs. Marshall, collapsed with hunger and disappointment. "Why, what of that?"

"What of *that*, madam!" retorted Mr. Flint, indignantly. "This is the knuckle-bone of a reindeer's foot, bored with a hole, with the evident and express purpose of emitting sound.—Miss Mabel"—here he turned to the young girl with the earnest pleasure of some munificent benefactor—"put your pretty lips to this, and blow, my dear, blow."

The object thus presented was not an attractive one, and, to say truth, much resembled a mutton-bone that has been recently rescued from the dust-heap; but May did as she was bid with a good grace, and succeeded in producing a shrill sound.

"The last person that used that instrument," said the Professor, solemnly, "died probably no less than ten thousand years ago, and the echoes which it awakened were cast back from walls of ice."

The idea was really a grand one, and a silence followed the expression of it for some moments.

"Had they any thing to wet their whistles with in those days?" inquired Frederick, demurely.

The Professor looked so indignant at this ill-timed pleasantry that Mr. Pennant hastened to explain that the ladies stood in need of lunch, and had commissioned him to say so. There was a village near called Hillsborough, close to the light-house, and food could doubtless be procured there.

At first Mr. Flint was immovable; he was not to be seduced from his post by all the flesh-pots of Egypt; let lower natures act as they pleased; but as for him, he was not going to leave this temple of antiquity even for an hour. He might possibly be upon the brink of some great discovery. Never yet had a whole skeleton, or even an entire limb of the skeleton of a man, been disinterred in any primeval cave, and Winthrop Cavern might be the first to present this unparalleled prize. It was true that nobody knew of the existence of the cave at present besides themselves; but your true *savant* has the scent of a vulture for such matters, and is always a rogue concerning them. The temptation to build on another man's foundation, or rather to continue his excavations, was too tremendous for human nature to resist; and if Huxley or Owen—

"But, my dear Mr. Flint," interposed Mabel, pleadingly, "you promised to take me over Hillsborough light-house yourself, remember."

"Did I, Miss Mabel, did I?" sighed the Professor. "Well, I must keep my word, then. Oh dear, oh dear!"

So the laborers were left on guard, with strict orders to admit no one, though it were the proprietor himself, into the cave; and, above all, touch nothing till Mr. Flint's return—a command which they very readily promised to observe; they had too much to do with "boans and muck," they said, to be anxious to meddle with them without need.

"What are you waiting for, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Mrs. Marshall, a little impatiently, as that gentleman, to whose care she had once more been consigned, tarried on the hill-top (while the rest trooped down to the carriage), and gazed anxiously down the road by which they had come.

"I sent my servant back to Shingleton for something," murmured he; "but I suppose these men here will direct him on."

"Yes, yes; of course they will. Do, pray, let us come along. I protest I would give all the precious relics that have been found to-day for a mutton-chop, though it was cut from the neck; and *what* a difference there is between the neck and the loin, is there not?—Now, my dear Miss Mabel, if you're tired of sitting with your back to the horses, pray say so; it is quite indifferent to me, and I know that it makes some people quite sea-sick. Very good; then we'll sit as we were. I wonder what sort of a place is Hillsborough.—Driver, driver, is there a good inn?"

The driver answered that there were two inns. *The Ugly Duck* and *The Hillsborough Arms*—"much about the same" as to goodness; there was "not a ha'porth to choose between them."

"I suppose we shall get ham and eggs there, at all events, eh, driver?" continued Mrs. Marshall, pursuing her inquiries with a certain liveliness and relish, after the long silence which she had perforce maintained during the late scientific investigation.

"Well, ma'am, that will just depend on whether they keep pigs or fowls," was the abrupt reply.

Mrs. Marshall's cross-examining manner, although she especially piqued herself upon it, was not a popular one with servants, and now and then, as in this case, it produced rather embarrassing rejoinders; upon which circumstances she founded her opinion, that servants were an ungrateful and rebellious class, and the lower orders generally a dangerous set of persons, for whose good conduct the police were by no means a sufficient guarantee; she placed her confidence only in the military and "guns."

The *Hillsborough Arms* was certainly not an attractive caravansera. It stood in the High Street of the little village, and in no way different in appearance from the cottages on either side of it, except by its possession of a sign.

"This will never, *never* do!" ejaculated Mrs. Marshall, but in a low tone; for she stood in awe of that rude man, the driver, and was secretly convinced that he was in an advanced stage of intoxication; "not master of himself, my dear," as she confided to Mrs. Pennant; "capable of any atrocity."

Mr. Winthrop had lagged behind, and was at that moment looking down the road, like another Sister Anne, for that something for which he had sent back his groom; but Frederick and Mr. Flint at once left the carriage, and made their way into the apartment, which evidently formed both parlor and kitchen of the little inn.

"Can you give us some lunch, my good woman?" inquired Mr. Pennant of the landlady, a thin and poverty-stricken widow, with three small children, who, to look at her, should have been her grandchildren, crowding about her as she superintended some culinary operation at the fire.

"Nay, Sir," was the civil reply; "we have naught but bread and cheese; and, since you have ladies with you, not a room as you can well sit in, I fear."

"Oh, we are not particular about the room," said Frederick, doubtfully. Then he went out to the ladies, and bade them make themselves as comfortable within as circumstances permitted, while he went on to the other inn to see whether it offered better accommodation.

"I think we had better purchase what we can here, and eat it in the open air," suggested Mrs. Pennant, softly.

"That is much the best plan," cried Mrs. Marshall; "I am sure I should be suffocated in such a hovel."

She spoke so loudly that Mabel felt sure that the poor woman, whom she could see through the open window, must needs have heard the observation; and she jumped lightly down, and entered the house at once. Her heart was naturally tender, and constant intercourse with the poor folks about her home, so far from blunting her sympathy for them, as not seldom happens, had only shaped it aright. The insolent patronage that some persons exhibit toward their social inferiors was scarcely more impossible to her than the callous indifference of others. She felt the divine truth of the modern parable of "the insect on the leaf and its brethren in the dust" as deeply as he who wrote it and preached upon that text his whole life long. Though the daughter of a clergyman, she was not religious in the ascetic or doctrinal sense, but her heart was full of the truest Christian piety—pity for the poor. This bright and beautiful girl, to whom pleasure and gayety were so welcome, was always ready to minister to the wants of a whining grandam, or to still the cries of a sick child, in scenes of sordid squalor, from which taste, and even delicacy, shrank appalled. England has her Sisters of Charity, though not in uniform—mere volunteers, called out on only occasional service—Garibaldians of God, who fight the battle of Faith and Love as bravely as those in the regular army—and May Denham was one of these.

"No fish?" the Professor was saying as she entered the inn kitchen; "and your village within so few miles from the sea-shore? Why, that is most extraordinary!"

"There's plenty fish caught, Sir, but it all goes to Shingleton for the quality; we never taste it here."

"Well, you get the money for it, at all events," pursued Mr. Flint.

"The fishermen do, Sir; but then, you see, I am not a fisherman."

"But those who are such spend their money at your inn, my good woman; so the fish come to you, after all, in some form."

In this lecture on political economy Mabel perceived that Mr. Flint had evidently quite forgotten the object of his visit.

"But what is that savory something which is cooking yonder?" inquired she, with a sweet smile, and pointing to a simmering sauce-pan.

"Oh, nothing as you'd eat, ma'am, or even look at," replied the woman, curtly, her manner altered for the worse at once; "it's wolf-fish."

"Wolf-fish! what's that?" exclaimed the Professor, excitedly. "I should like to see it, of all things. Dog-fish I know well; but wolf-fish?"

"'Twas never used here except for manure before this year," continued the woman, in grumbling tones. "But folks as lives in *hovels*"—and she glanced with indignation at Mabel as she laid stress upon the word—"must just eat what they can get, and be thankful too, or else the parson picks a quarrel with them."

"The parson must be hard to please if he quarrels with *you*," said Mabel, softly, "whose house is so beautifully clean, and whose children are so well-behaved as yours appear to be. Those two fine boys look just of the same age. Which is the elder?"

"Well, ma'am, unfortunately they *are* of the same age. It's bad enough, as my old man used to say, when children are born to poor folks at all; but when they 'comes two at a time,' it's enough to make one wish one's self unmarried."

The relish with which the Professor received this homely joke, joined to Mabel's evident desire to conciliate, quite won over the aggrieved woman. She took off the sauce-pan lid, thereby exhibiting some shapeless substance, which might have been stewed tripe or veal; and when Mr. Flint could make nothing of that, she entered a little scullery, and brought out of it a truculent but flabby object, at least four feet long, and with a head like a pantomime mask.

"There he is," said she, "as large as life, but not so ugly. That's the wolf-fish; and if you had to kill him with a chopper yourself before you cooked him, you would have less appetite for him than you have now."

The Professor and Miss Mabel were still contemplating this unexpected spectacle—the latter with some alarm, the former with the profoundest satisfaction—when Mr. Winthrop made his appearance at the door.

"My dear Miss Denham," exclaimed he, in accents of disgust, "do, pray, come out of this horrible hut, where there are nothing, it seems, but monsters. I am thankful to say we have obtained—that is, my son here has brought from Shingleton—something fit for human food."

At his elbow stood Horn Winthrop, devouring Mabel with his dark eyes. "Your sister is waiting for you," said he, "and also the lunch."

"We are coming directly," said Mabel, with confusion. "Mr. Flint, pray take them away," whispered she; "for see how angry they make this poor woman."

The landlady was, in fact, speechless with rage, caused by the air and look of young Winthrop as much as by his father's offensive speech. She might have been, and probably was (as the latter subsequently termed her), "a widow woman with a temper;" but the look of contemptuous disgust with which the younger of the visitors was surveying her little home and its belongings would have been trying to any householder.

"You young blackguard!" roared she; "how dare you?" and would doubtless have given him a much larger piece of her mind, had not the Professor hurried them out-of-doors.

"I am most distressed," said Mabel, not offering to stir, but confronting her hostess's crimson face and flashing eyes with a look of pain and shame; "I can not say how sorry I am that you should have suffered this rudeness."

"You are an honest girl, although you are a lady," answered the woman, earnestly. "You have a kind heart, and I will give you a word of advice that may keep it from being broken. There is evil about your path, though it seems so smooth. I see it, I see it!" In the frenzy of her passion she whirled the hideous object, which she still held in her hand, about her head, until she really looked like some malign professor of the black-art. "Beware of that young fellow yonder! He is your lover, is he not?"

"No, no!" said Mabel, more terrified lest the woman's words should be heard without than at the really formidable appearance which she presented. "You are quite mistaken. But pray hush!"

"I am not mistaken," answered the woman, sinking her voice to a hoarse whisper. "Do you suppose, because I live in a hovel and eat wolf-fish, that I have no eyes? That man is your lover, I tell you; and beware of him, for he has a black heart—a black heart!" Hissing these last words through her teeth rather than articulating them, the woman dashed the fish down on the clean tiles, and resumed her occupation beside the fire; while Mabel, white as ashes, left the room, and, not without difficulty—for she trembled in every limb—got into the carriage.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman visiting Glasgow for the first time, and falling in with very wet weather, inquired of a person in the street if it always rained in Glasgow. "Na," was the answer; "it snaws sometimes."

Prussia is very anxious for peace—a piece of France.

Cowper speaks of "the bubbling and loud-hissing urn." The same little machine, when it won't either bubble or hiss, may be described as tacit-urn.

Lavater could always tell whether a man was a miser by the way in which he pursed up his mouth.

"Say, Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been any where for it. I haven't got a weak back."

Mutual Friends—Kerosene and coroners.

An ignorant fellow, desirous of "showing off" in a company where the conversation was of a classical character, speaking of Leander crossing the Hellespont for an interview with Hero, designated the feat as "Leander swimming across the herring-pond to see Nero."

"The Religious Difficulty"—Long sermons.

"I am," said a reverend rector of the old school to a ritualist curate, "a martyr to the gout." "Pardon me, my dear Sir," replied the latter; "happily you still survive. You should not call yourself a martyr, but a confessor."

Land-lubbers may be informed that the nautical experiment of boxing the compass is usually attempted upon the spar-deck.

In the concert of birds the domestic fowl plays but a humble part—only supplying the drum-sticks.

A young lady being asked by an enthusiastic politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding-party.

'Tis sweet to court,
  But, oh! how bitter
To court a gal
  And then not git 'er.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has spent only one dollar for fire-wood in eight years." "Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?" "Only once, and that was when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp-post." "From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?" "That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not, I wouldn't."

To Kill Ants—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

A man in Exeter, Massachusetts, refused to have the pegs of a new pair of shoes he was buying for his boy rasped off, because in that case the boy would run all over town, and the shoes wouldn't last him three weeks.

A Checkmate—A wife.

It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

A college professor, having requested that some man should go to the president's office on an errand, nearly the whole class rose to their feet. The professor's question, "How many of you do you think it takes to make a man?" quickly brought them to their seats again.

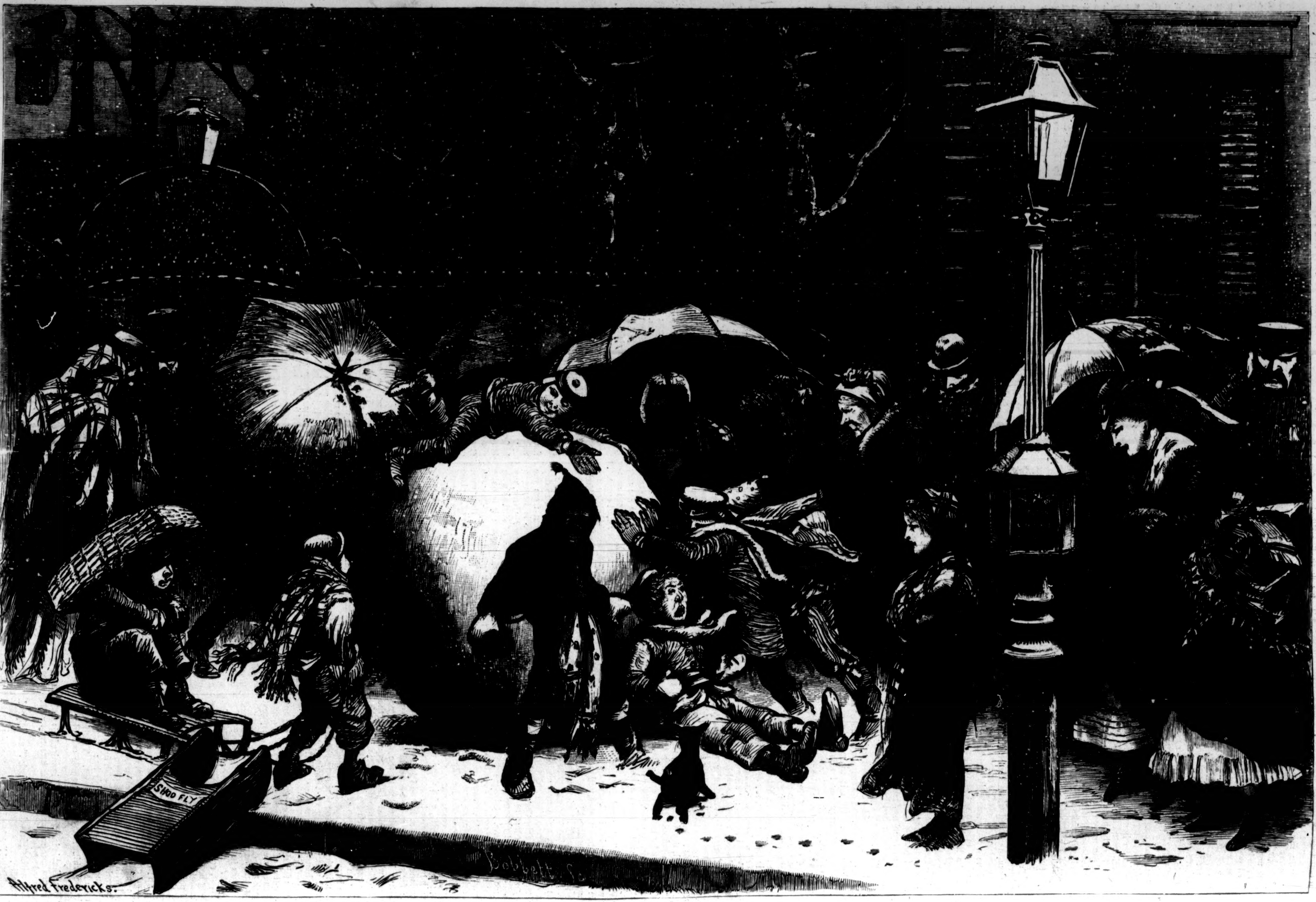
The choir sung "Come, ye Disconsolate," at a recent wedding in Lafayette, Indiana.

A person in prison was asked by a friend what it was for. "For telling lies," he replied. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the other. "Why, telling people I would pay 'em, and not keeping my word."

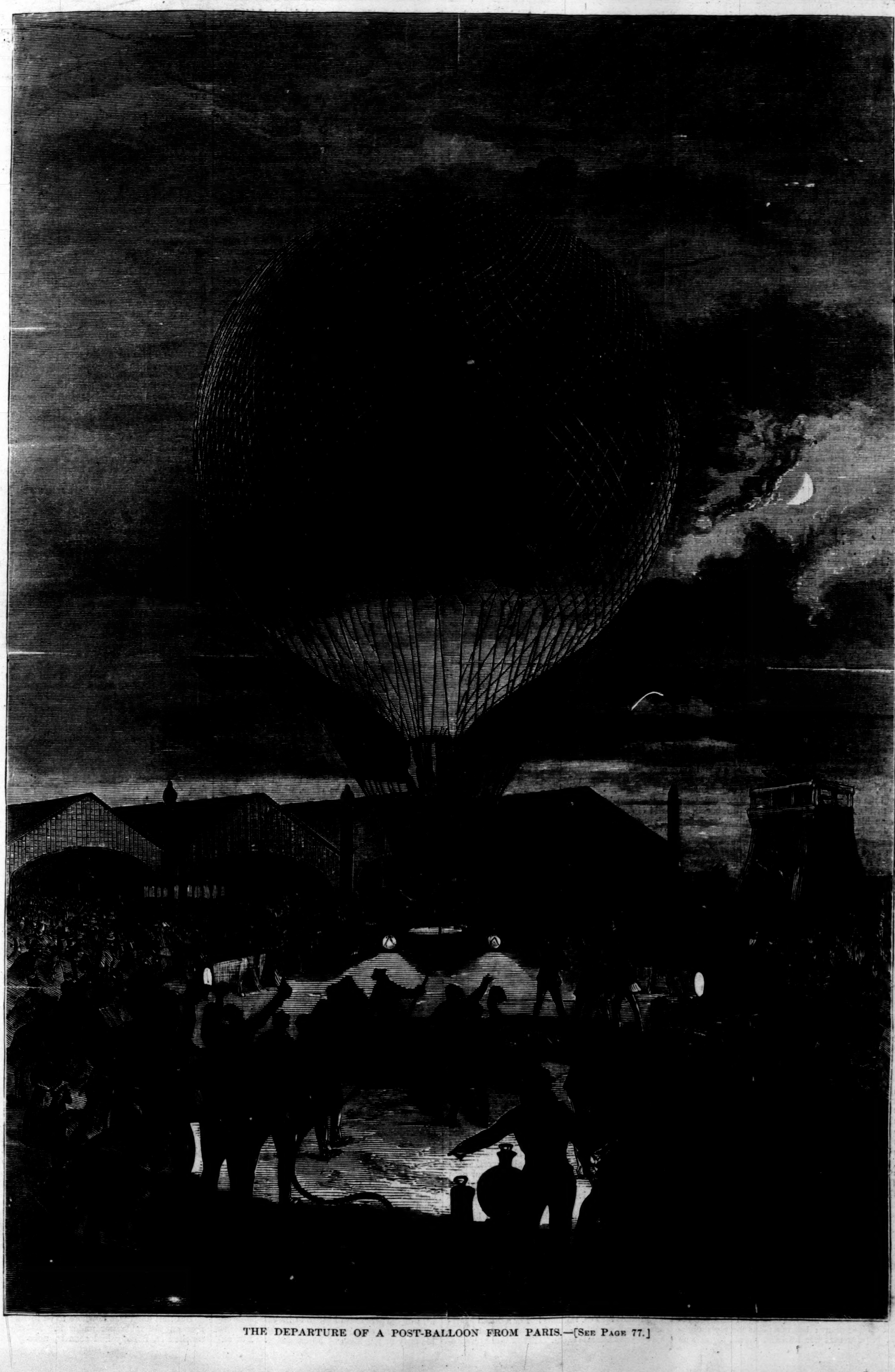
The Science of Sorrow—Sighchology.

What should a man carry with him when calling upon his affianced?—Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confection in his pockets.

The Favorite Novel of Office-Seekers—"Put Yourself in His Place."


SHOO FLY
Alfred Fredericks.
Bobbett Sc

THE SNOW-BALL OF THE SEASON.—[DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.]



THE DEPARTURE OF A POST-BALLOON FROM PARIS.—[See Page 77.]

CHARLIE'S WOODLAND.

POOR Charlie Carletan's was a desperate case: completely in love, as he was, with a damsel who had been accustomed from birth to all the luxuries and enjoyments of life, and he without a piece of silver to cross his palm; without enough ready money to pay a marriage fee; without any thing to support a wife upon; with nothing, in fact, but a square mile of remote woodland, of no good to him or any one else that he knew. It is true that the trees on his land could be cut, and floated down the stream that ran through it to tide-water, and there disposed of; but to do that required the means to hire a gang of men for cutting and rafting it, and to feed them while at work; and money being so tight just then that it was impossible to borrow for any such scheme, of course the thing was not to be thought of. And yet there was nothing else to do. Charlie's late employers, wealthy merchants, to whom he had been the confidential clerk, had but just failed, and thrown him on his own resources, when his quarter's salary exactly met his bills, and left him in this destitute condition, with the option of seeking another situation, or of going back to his woodland, and delving his life away there with old Flamen and Jule. He would willingly have gone—but there was Flora. Going back to the woodland was no way to win her, and poor Charlie Carletan could have torn his hair for vexation if he had not been standing on 'Change in the face of all men. Why had he been so idiotic as to cast a second glance upon the girl—she as high as any star, he a clod? Why, when he first saw the dazzle of her golden-haired ivory beauty from the box that night, had he not taken his hat and left the place with his eyes closed? Why had he pushed to a spot in the vestibule beside her as the place emptied, and, on an accident happening to her escort, put her in the carriage himself, and felt a thrill that had not subsided when he met her walking in the Park next day, and hesitated, and looked, and would have passed by if she had not put out a hand, with her engaging frankness, and thanked him, saying that his employers, her father's particular friends, had spoken of him so warmly that she needed no more introduction? Why had he not fled from his fate at that moment? Why had he gone to the house with an old friend an evening or two afterward? why had he carried her flowers on a second call? why had he waylaid her in her walks, sought acquaintance at the houses of her resort, spent all his money on wonderful boots and ties and broadcloth, put himself into Brown's hands, entered on the full tide of society, and followed her at last to the sea-shore? Why, but that destiny had taken him in hand, and brought him to this pass, so delicious and yet so miserable, so full of bliss and trouble together, that though he could not, if he would, undo the work, he would not, if he could, do it over again! Would not if he could? Would not have those plunges in the surf, when all other women vanished from their fair proportions into things as unlovely as the sticks and weeds and drift of the sea, and Flora alone had a color in her cheek, a flame in her eye, as she floated away on the wave, her long hair streaming behind her like an angelic mermaid's? Poor fellow! he knew that other Floras' Charlies thought the same of them; but they were infatuated fools, he argued, and only of this Flora could the thing be true! Then there had been such evenings, when the band blew out its waltz music, and the dancers floated down the long circles, he with his arm around her waist, with her head upon his shoulder, with his breath stirring her hair—that shining cloud of hair, fluffy and fleecy and mysterious in lustre—what did Charlie care whether it all grew upon her head or not? it was there now, a part of her, and sacred as the nimbus round the head of any saint or goddess! And there had been other evenings yet, long strolls upon the cliff or down the beach, with the tide breaking in a hushed and murmurous tune; and one night there—never could he forget it! never could the heavens be as deep and dark, the starlight as radiant, the wind as odorous; never could such divinity breathe through all the dark and dewy night again! For in helping Flora over the weed-wet rocks he had held her hand, had felt it tremble, and seen it glisten white as a lily leaf; had looked in the face, and seen it bending over him, beautiful, impassioned; had suddenly kissed the hand, and then, wild with emotion no longer to be restrained, had kissed the face; had held her strained one moment to his heart—one moment of surging joy, that abandoned him for one of passionate despair—and he had cried out what a wretch and villain he was to have dared to love her; and she had answered that he would have broken her heart if he had not loved her. And so in a rapture and ecstasy they had lingered till the tide had swept them up; and late at night, all drenched with dew and the salt wind, but warm and flushed with happiness, they had parted—each, when alone, to doubt the moment's truth, to renew the night's rapture when assured that it was real. Ah no! Charlie Carletan could not choose to annul such scenes as these; he could only regret, for Flora's sake, suffering and rejoicing together for his own, that she had singled him out for her regard—that regard which was a crown and glory itself.

For the way had been no smoother for them than for the traditional true lovers, and a stern parent had ordained the daughter a duenna, had forbidden all intercourse with Charlie, had made her young life a burden to her, and had commanded Charlie never to cross his threshold again till he was able to place his daughter in as comfortable a home as she had a right to expect.

"I don't mean," said the rich old merchant, "to say that I would not select you as a son-in-law among many; but my plans for my daughter require that her husband should furnish as large a sum in their mutual provision as she herself will bring. And till you can do this, excuse me if I request you to release her from her engagement, and to be seen by her no more. You yourself must realize, if you have her interests at all at heart, that a continuance of the relation can only hinder her establishment for life in a desirable way."

But how could Charlie release Flora from her engagement—Flora who refused to be released? And there they were at present, Flora going out every night, wretched in all her flounces and furbelows, Charlie watching her from some dark corner of the pavement as the carriage lamps illumined her, a vulture gnawing his heart, and hunger gnawing his stomach; and just now, in the broad noon, he stood leaning against a lamp-post and pretending to read a letter, while he was in truth only pondering on his deplorable situation, and wondering where in the world his next meal was to come from. He was startled from his reverie by a hand on his own.

"Just the man I want to see," said a voice he knew, and he turned to meet a person to whom he had spoken of his square mile of woodland, and who now informed him that he could put him into communication with parties who would purchase it, and proceed to avail themselves of its timber and water-power, and would at once give him a bond for a deed to be executed in thirty days, or after a survey of the tract.

It seemed to Charlie that the broker was an angel dropped from heaven. That purchase-money would establish him in business, where with care and economy he might advance from small to great; and Flora had promised she would wait. He closed the bargain on the spot, and the bond for the deed was given that day and placed in his wallet; and having sold his watch to procure the wherewithal for his journey, Charlie and two of the contracting parties started together by the night train to survey the purchase.

The bond for the deed having been given, it was impossible, Charlie knew, for the purchasers to retreat; but in some vague way he found himself trembling lest, after all, the inspection should prove so unsatisfactory, and the purchasers should plead so lustily to be freed from the obligation, that decency would require him to do as they desired. But then when he thought of that mile of timber; those large and lofty trees, immense in girth, straight as arrows, almost an arrow's flight in height; that brook, foaming from fall to fall through the whole—it seemed to him impossible that they could wish to recede; and with a good heart he left the train next morning, and led the way on horseback up the rough country some half score miles to the woodland, and displayed it to his companions at last in its full extent, satisfied that they could not but heartily conclude the arrangement, and put the promised ten thousand dollars in his hands at once.

When he had performed this duty Charlie sought the hut upon the place in which he allowed old Flamen and his wife to live, on condition of keeping depredation from the timber. It was after their boisterous welcome had quieted that he began to observe a thousand nods and winks and quirks passing between Flamen and his spouse, till the by-play became so amusing that Charlie, happy and high-spirited, could not himself at last hinder an outburst of laughter, only hushed by amazement at the snickers and slaps and jerks and guffaws with which the two joined him.

"So you knows all 'bout it, Mars' Charles?" said old Flamen, as soon as he could compose himself, his words still broken by many a chuckle. "So you knows all 'bout it? But spec 't didn't cross yer dat me an' Jule we knows too?"

"Know all about what?" cried Charlie, open-mouthed at their unaccountable behavior.

"'Bout dis yer ile business—dis yer ile runnin' off'n our lan' like water, and swimmin' onter the brook so's't Jule and me can't drink out'n it, and catches our drink in de holler logs—"

"What!" cried Charlie. "What do you mean? For Heaven's sake, Flamen—"

"'Den yer hab'n heern? Jes yer be still, den, Mars' Charles," said Flamen, getting up and coming and laying his black hand on the young man's arm. "Jes yer be still. No 'xcitement. Easy. Easy. I's great news. Now look here!"

And Jule put a board before the window, leaving the room in Cimmerian darkness; and then a light as brilliant as day's filled the place from a lamp of their own contriving—a bottle, in a cleft stick, furnished with a cork, a big quill, and a bit of rag—and blazing with petroleum that they had refined in some rude way, blazing like a comet, and in a manner that would have blown any body else to pieces.

"Do you mean—can you mean—" began the stammering Charlie.

"'Xactly, Mars' Charles. Yer see me 'n' Jule went up to town and took notice o' dem black tanks a-movin' troo, and two-story engines haulin' 'em, and heern 'bout dis yer ile runnin' from de bow'ls of der yerth way up Mar'land way; and says we 't's mighty strange if our lan' down yere—ole Mars' Charles's lan'—ain't wort' much as dem Mar'land farms! An' we kep' our eyes peeled, and, Mars' Charles, when we went down to der run one spring day, after der freshet, dere 'twas, in globs, all ober it! Dat ar freshet done der business. An' we dished it up and biled it down; and Mars' Charles can see," said Flamen, with a lordly gesture lost in something like a jig.

Yes, Master Charles could see, could understand—clear petroleum, running to waste seaward; and if so much, then certainly more; and wells could be sunk here, derricks raised, fires fed with the timber, and thousands and thousands of money made with every turn of a windlass. Thousands? Yes, millions! For a dozen heart-beats such a wild vision of wealth danced before his eyes as to dazzle them. He saw himself presenting the thing to the old friend of his late employers who had introduced him at Flora's house—a man good for a speculation of millions, while he would laugh at the idea of bothering about a trifle of ten thousand dollars' worth of woodland; saw half the place and the profits mortgaged to the man for the means to make the millions; saw the gold flow back as the oil flowed out; saw a bank account swell to fabulous sums; saw a palace on Murray Hill, his own; saw Flora blazing with diamonds within it; saw Flora's father a pauper beside himself; saw pictures, statues, bronzes, books; saw an equipage fit for a prince to roll along in; saw—saw a bond for a deed, to be executed in thirty days; and disposing of this dream of opulence, diamonds, palaces, pictures, bank account, and all, for the paltry figure of ten thousand dollars! He just sat down and groaned, and Flamen and Jule, struck with consternation at such method of receiving such news, sat down and groaned with him.

So proud and confident and happy five minutes ago with the hope of receiving ten thousand dollars; so wretched now with the certainty of it! He sat there for a long hour without moving. Old Flamen got up and went out with his gun, and came in with a rabbit, and Jule had made a stew of it and served it up before Charlie stirred.

"Come now, Mars' Charles," she coaxed, "'pears like you shouldn' take good news so serus. When yer comes acrost rej'icing, rej'ice, says I."

"Rejoice," groaned Charlie, "that I've sold my birth-right for a mess of pottage!"

"Sold yer— Oh, Mars' Charles! Oh, Flam! Oh, good Lord in heb'n, yer don' mean ter say yer've gone done—"

"Yes, I have," he answered. "Sold it to those people I was showing round. And all your trouble's for nothing. It goes to enrich those men who are robbing me. For it can't be they wanted the land just for timber," he went on, more to himself than them. "They've prospected till they've learned it was an oil region, and so kept their knowledge and swindled me—"

"Mars' Charles," said old Flamen, "I wouldn' gib ye no advice to do a wrong action; but ain't dere no backing down for ye? Is de money paid?"

"No, no, no," answered Charlie, disconsolately; "there's no backing down for either side, though the money isn't paid."

"Isn' paid? Den I's tell yer what. Jes trow it up, Mars' Charles."

"I wish I could; I wish I could! An hour ago I was trembling for fear they should want me to—but now—"

"Mars' Charles, honey," said Jule, suddenly, after a little while, "dar ain't no ile been foun' for many a mile roun' dis yer place, an' I don' believe dem fellers has an idyere 'bout it. Dey's jes affer der timber, an' dat's all. An' ef yer could gib 'em a notion 'twould cost more'n 'twould come to—"

"Oh, it wouldn't do, Jule. It isn't true. I couldn't say a word now in honor, you know. If they want timber, here it is—theirs; and if they want oil, it's theirs. And the money would never do me any good if I got it by falsehood and trickery." And all at once his fortitude gave way, and he bent his head on his folded arms, and shook the table with his sobs.

Perhaps that sight was too much for Flamen; he got up and left the place, while Jule crept round and took the young master's head on her old shoulder, and mingled her sobs with his, while she moaned, "Lors, ef 'tain't his pa's own chile—talkin' of honor when he ain't a second shirt to his back! Lors, chile, I's proud of ye!"

So Charlie, down-hearted, and with swollen eyes hardly hidden by the slouching brim of his hat, forgetful of his ten thousand dollars, and heavy with the loss of a fortune he had never had, set out at last on his homeward way, and caught the train with his comrades—silent men they, speaking hardly two words in all the tiresome ride, and as evidently discomfited as he himself, had he been sufficiently disengaged for his gloomy thoughts to notice them. For the fact was, they had met a garrulous old colored man, picking up sticks and twigs in the wood, who told them he lived in the hovel yonder, and took care of the timber, and who added, on their inquiry, that he made a pretty good thing of it, for much of the timber was so rotten that it blew down in every gale in such quantities that he bound it into fagots which his old mule hauled into town, where they turned him many an honest penny, and he had just cleared away all the wreck of the last storm; and on their asking him why he didn't raft these fagots and float them down on the stream, he had laughed in their faces, and told them there was no brook there except just after the March and September freshets, when it foamed along for two or three weeks as it was doing now, it being the first of October, but dried up to a thread you could cross without wetting your feet the rest of the year. Poor Flamen—it is to be hoped the falsehood was forgiven in the fidelity.

"I's heern ole Mars' Charles tell," said he to Jule that night, "dat when folks fight duels dey allus measures swords; an' dese yer fellers come roun' cheating Mars' Charles out'n his eye-teeth—guess we's eben as we can git any ole way."

The unhappy Charlie Carletan on his return to the city went to his old boarding-place—he had money left from the sale of his watch sufficient to meet the new month's bill there—and locked himself into his room, and sat down to meditate on the fate that had snatched such solid ground from beneath his feet; to wonder if it had really been an honest timber and water-power speculation with those men; to wonder if they had any idea of the petroleum hidden in its vast pools beneath that forest growth; to wonder if it was his duty to tell them of its existence. For another wonder he decided in his own favor in the last matter—it was no business of his to ruin himself; and for the rest, if, by any lucky chance, those men could possibly become dissatisfied with their bargain, and request a release, they should have it on the moment. But no, it was little likely that such straight, sound sticks as crowded that square mile, such a water-course as traversed it, should not have found favor in their eyes; and he had better, he said, dismiss all thought of any thing but the way in which he could turn his poor little matter of ten thousand dollars to advantage.

So, trying to reconcile himself to the inevitable, Charlie went about town again seeking avenues to be used at the expiration of the thirty days.

It was the day before the thirtieth when he received a note from one of the two persons who had inspected the woodland with him, requesting him to be so good as to call that evening at his office with the bond, which the other contracting parties to the arrangement desired to look over again; and punctually to the moment designated, and with half a hope that they might wish to cancel the bond altogether, and with an impatient declaration as to the absurdity of the idea, Charlie presented himself.

They were an angry and dissatisfied set of men in the room that night before his appearance—the cheerless basement-room of a new building where the gas had not yet been brought in, and which was lighted with but a couple of candles that set all manner of shadows flickering in an unearthly fashion about the ceiling. There were five of them talking together, and all bitterly lamenting their unconsidered bargain, and the two thousand dollars apiece which they were as good as throwing to the winds.

"There is but the one way, I assure you," said Mr. Hincks. "Of course, if he can sell a tract of rotten timber a dozen miles from any market, and without a mill-privilege two months in the year to use it on the spot, or a water-course to get it away, he would be a condemned fool to let us off."

"Still," said another, "we might ask him, and lose nothing by doing that."

"Only excite his suspicions," urged Mr. Beverley, "and make him hold us the tighter, if he so much as lets us take the paper into our hands at all. No virtue in half measures; Hincks's way is the only way, believe me."

"I don't know," pleaded a fourth; "I think I should like to try fair means first—"

And just then came Charlie's footsteps, slower and slower in the dark hall, and the rap at the door—a doubtful sort of rap, much as if its giver was divided in mind as to whether he should await an answer or should run away. But the door was thrown back at once; and, cordially greeted and seated at the table among them, Charlie waited for them to open the subject of the bond, which presently was done.

"We begged that you would call on us this evening, Mr. Carletan," said one of the gentlemen, "because we feared there might be some slight informality in the bond, and, before executing the deed, we wished to make reference to it; for you will agree with us that it is desirable every thing should be done with exactness."

"Certainly," said Charlie, but in a very uncertain tone, while producing his wallet and extracting the desired paper therefrom.

"Of course you understand," continued the first speaker, "that it is our desire to make money by this transaction—"

"Or we shouldn't enter into it," said another.

"And so we feel bound to state to you that some doubts have arisen as to the soundness of the timber—"

The color flushed all over Charlie's face; if, after all, they were going to pray for release—to intimate the wish! His eyes sparkled, his hand shook; but as they waited for his reply there was nothing left for him to do but to stammer, half inarticulately as he did, that to the best of his belief the timber was perfectly sound.

"Best of your belief!" said his chief interlocutor, exchanging glances with his partners, and all quite confirmed in their suspicions by his peculiar look and manner. "But how as to your personal knowledge?"

"Why, Sir," said Charlie, in one of his quick tempers at the tone and the seeming doubt of his truthfulness, "I told you in the beginning what this woodland was; but now Mr. Green and Mr. White have as much personal knowledge on the matter as I have."

"Do not be alarmed, Sir," said the suave man of business. "We have no idea of forfeiting the bond, though the statement we desire as to the timber might have made it of more value; but your ten thousand will be ready for you to-morrow at noon. And meantime we will look into this little informality. Beverley, have you the statute there?"

"It is in my office up stairs. Excuse a candle one moment. Confounded nuisance, this delay about the gas! Back directly." And Mr. Beverley left them with one wax-light.

They had not yet unfolded the bond. It lay on the table between them. Mr. Hincks extended his hand to take it; in so doing his elbow touched the other candlestick; it tottered and fell, and the room was as dark and black as a cavern. A flurry of exclamation, and outcry, and skirmishing for matches; and just as a match was being scratched, and failing to answer, Mr. Beverley opened the door and came in innocently, humming the end of a tune, and the statute under his arm.

"What! put out your light?" said he. "Confound these candles, they're always doing that! Well, here's the law. Got it lighted? Now to business. Where's the bond?"

But that bond was nowhere to be found; neither on the table nor under it. Nobody had touched it, nobody had seen it, nobody knew where it was. Charlie, in the bewilderment of a guilty consciousness of having longed for its destruction, feeling his situation to be suspicious, and in an insane perplexity refusing to suspect the others, begged them to search him, which, of course, they declined to do, though evidently, as it seemed to him, with a strong belief that he had secured it to prevent the consummation of the bargain. And after much loud talking and angry affirmation, Mr. Hincks threatening Charlie with the law, Mr. Beverley vehemently declaring he could not have believed it, Mr. Green assuring them that he should hear from them through a sheriff if the bond were not forthcoming by the morrow, and Charlie all at once enlightened but keeping his own counsel, since they had stolen the rope to hang themselves, the party broke up with feelings on both sides to which language is inadequate—a guilty satisfaction on the one hand, and on Charlie's some anger, some amusement, but a world of joy!

On the thirtieth Charlie presented himself in the same room, but, except an office-boy, with his shoulders in a chair and his heels on the mantel-shelf, the place was vacant, and Charlie's heart—which had leaped up the previous night like a balloon from which a weight had been removed, now that the time had expired, now that whether the bond were found or not it was good for nothing, and the land remained his own—went soaring away into the limitless ether of castles in the air.

They do things quickly in this fast age. On the noon of the thirtieth there was one brief secret interview with Flora stolen, a dozen words, a long embrace; then there was a contract made with the old capitalist who had stood his friend before, a mortgage drawn, a check cashed, an engineer and a gang of laborers found, a saw-mill dispatched to the distant township; and six months from that time a gentleman ran up the steps of Flora's house, entering past the wondering servants who no longer dared refuse admittance to one coming in a turn-out that every eye on the street had followed.

"Sir," said this gentleman when he had closed the library door behind him and stood opposite Flora's surprised papa, "you once gave me to understand that when my fortune could equal your daughter's provision she should be mine. I do not know, Sir, how much you may be worth, but perhaps you can tell me how much I am!" and he laid a bank-book before the old merchant's wondering eyes. "Study it out, Sir," said he, joyously. "It is half my property. If you doubt it, the president of the bank is in my carriage at the door. Here is a blank check, signed. Here are revenue stamps. When you have made out the amount, fill up the check and deposit it for my wife, if you will be so good. You asked of me a herculean labor—the cleaning of an Augean stable, in fact; but it is done. There is no god but cent. per cent., and petroleum is his prophet!" said the gay young millionaire. "For my part—you have not a word to say—there is my admission—I am going to see Flora!"

ODD TITLES OF BOOKS.

VICTOR HUGO tells us that, being behindhand with his publisher in his agreement to write "Notre Dame de Paris," he locked up his clothes, bought a knitted woolen suit, and shut himself up in the house for a few months until his work was completed. He had also on the first day prepared a bottle of ink, the last drop of which was finished with the last line. This gave him the idea of naming the book "The Contents of a Bottle of Ink," which, however, he did not carry out, considering the title he had already chosen more to the purpose. Some years after, his friend Alphonse Karr, who thought the idea a charming one, begged it of him, and published under this name several novels—among others, his master-piece of wit and emotion, "Geneviève."

In every age it has been a matter of great consideration with authors as to the title under which they shall issue their works; publishers agree with them in the importance they attach to this point, as the public are easily attracted by a taking title. Pliny remarks that the Greeks showed admirable taste in this way; some called them "A Hive," by which their readers were to understand that they would enjoy a rich piece of honey-comb; others, "The Horn of Abundance;" or the "Meadow," the "Picture," the "Violet;" while the Latins, in their vulgarity, were content with the ordinary names of "Antiquities," "Examples," or "Arts." The more witty gave the title of "Lucubrations," as did the author who called himself Bibaculus, and who passed the night in drinking. Varro named his satire "A Movable Picture;" while Diodorus, among the Greeks, disdaining these puerilities, entitled his work "The Library." Aulus Gellius tells us that it was during the long winter nights in the country of Attica that he amused himself in writing his work, which he therefore denominated "The Attic Nights."

The Oriental and Jewish nations, on the contrary, sought for the most obscure and ridiculous titles. Who could imagine that "The Heart of Aaron" was a commentary on the prophets; or "The Bones of Joseph" an introduction to the Talmud? "The Garden of Nuts" and "The Golden Apples" are theological works; a ritual is the "Pomegranate in Flower;" and a catalogue of rabbinical writings passes under the name of "The Lips of the Sleepers," alluding to a passage in Solomon's Song. There is also "The Royal Wardrobe, divided into Ten Coats," by Mardocheus; "The Book of the Druggist," by Eleazar, a work which is nothing more nor less than a treatise on the love of God; and "The Two Hands," the hand of the poor and the hand of the king, each section being divided into five fingers. "The Perfume of Damascus Roses" is the poetical title of the history of some of Mohammed's companions, who lived to the age of a hundred and twenty years. "The Spring-time of the Just," by Zamakhichari, is a collection of farces; and there are two works on law by the celebrated Turkish jurisconsult Ibrahim, entitled "Precious Stones," and "The Confluence of the Seas."

When we reach the Middle Ages, authors in the West seem to have adopted the Eastern fashion, and tried to make their titles as enigmatical and fantastic as those of the East. Sometimes they are so long as to be a sort of prospectus of the whole work, as, for instance, the following: "The Great Shipwreck of Fools, who are in the Hold of Ignorance, swimming in the Sea of the World; a Book of great Effect, Profit, Utility, Value, Honor, and Moral Virtue, for the Instruction of Every Body; which Book is adorned with a great Number of Figures, the better to demonstrate the Folly of the World." Or this: "The Blazon of Dances, where may be seen the Misfortunes and Ruin arising from Dances; from which no Man ever returns the Wiser, or Woman the more Modest."

It would seem as if the writers of works of devotion had a particular preference for strange titles—perhaps to counteract the unattractive dryness of their subject-matter. A priest taking for his meditations the anthems which are sung in Advent and before Christmas, entitles them, "The Sweet Marrow and Tasty Sauce of the Savory Bones of the Saints in Advent." A canon of Riez, in Provence, writes, "The Royal Post to Paradise, very useful to those who wish to go there: a Collection of the Works of Pious Doctors who have curiously treated the Subject." In it there is a chapter on the post established by Satan to go to hell; and another to reach purgatory, which is the suburb of heaven, and the outer court of paradise. An ascetic gives us "The Scraper of Vanity: a Spiritual Pillow necessary to extirpate Vice and to plant Virtue"—a strange use for a pillow, certainly. Philip Bosquier, a Flemish monk, published a tragedy entitled "The Little Razor of Worldly Ornaments." We have "The Spiritual Snuff-box, to lead devoted Souls to Christ," and "The Spiritual Seringa, for Souls steeped in Devotion," in which the author thus strongly apostrophizes those of the fair sex who are addicted to painting their cheeks: "Vile carcasses, masses of infamy, have you no shame in turning yourselves round and round in the furnace of love, and blushing like boiled lobsters, to secure for yourselves admirers?"

In the sixteenth century we find the greatest extravagance displayed in the titles of books. These may be taken as examples: "The Pious Lark, with its Trill—the little Body and Feathers of our Lark are Spiritual Songs," by Father Autome de la Cauchie; "Bread Cooked on the Ashes, brought by an Angel to the Prophet Elijah, to comfort the Dying;" "The School of the Eucharist, established on the miraculous Respect that the Beasts, Birds, and Insects have shown on different Occasions to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar;" "The Lamp of Saint Augustine, and the Flies that flit round it;" "The Silver Bell, the Sound of which will, by the Grace of God, make of a Usurer a perfect Christian"—a work which we may hope fulfilled its purpose. The following would prove very attractive: "Some Beautiful Biscuits, cooked in the Oven of Charity, and put aside carefully for the Fowls of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Swallows of Salvation;" or this: "A Bouquet of Delicious Perfume prepared for the Saints of the Lord." A work on Christian charity is entitled "Buttons and Button-holes for Believers' Breeches;" and we have also, "High-heeled Shoes for those who are Dwarfs in Sanctity;" and, "Crumbs of Consolation for the Chickens of the Covenant."

A Quaker who was suffering in prison published "A Sigh for the Sinners in Zion, coming from a Hole in the Wall, by an Earthen Vessel, known among Men under the name of Samuel Fish." Abraham de Sainte-Claire, an author of the seventeenth century, chose this extraordinary title: "Judas, Archicoquin; Fi du Monde; Attention Soldat." A work on the consideration of the name taken by the popes, "*Servus Servorum Dei*," has the title of, "A Hunt after the Stag of Stags;" and, not unnaturally, it has been classed in a recent catalogue among works relating to hunting.

Sometimes, in the midst of political quarrels, works have been announced, the satirical titles of which were the only portions of them that ever appeared. Brantôme tells us that when the Duke of Epernon was made governor of Provence, a book was made in mockery of him, and cried before the palace and through the streets, as "The Great Deeds, Works, and Valor of M. D'Espernon in his Journey to Provence." This was printed in large characters; but on turning over the leaves, every page was blank, and nothing printed on them. The public, friends as well as enemies of the duke, ran to the criers and bought eagerly; but when they looked within and saw nothing, they returned in anger to the vendors, and accused them of their deceit. They, however, excused themselves in this way: "Why, Sir, the duke has done nothing; how can we print any thing about him?" In the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. some works of this kind were advertised, but never appeared, as, "A Treatise on Pleasure," dedicated to the queen; "The Living Catafalque," dedicated to the Princess of Condé; "French Politeness," dedicated to the Countess of Ossuna; "The Necessity of Shaving," dedicated to the Duchess of Orgia. This paper shall be closed by the title of a work published in 1780, and containing a collection of poems: "I do not know what it is; by whom I know not; the price? I know not how much; it is sold I know not where; by a bookseller whom I know not."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE magnificent theatre of Santiago, Chili, was recently destroyed by fire, to the great grief of the inhabitants, who have always regarded the building with pride, and are almost inconsolable over its loss. The theatre was erected in 1856 at a cost of more than $600,000, and was doubtless the finest in South America. It was capable of holding about five thousand persons. On the evening of the fire Miss Carlotta Patti had been enthusiastically listened to by a large audience, which had scarcely vacated the building when a strong smell of gas was perceived. The supply of gas was cut off; but the matter was not investigated until an hour afterward, when the manager venturing below the stage with an open light, a violent explosion immediately occurred. The theatre was in flames in a moment; and though every exertion was made to extinguish the conflagration, in two hours the building was only a mass of ruins.

The fine collection of paintings recently brought from Europe by Mr. H. W. Derby, and now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, includes about one hundred and fifty works of eminent foreign artists. These were purchased abroad just before the commencement of the war, and, of course, have never been exhibited in this country. Among the well-known names represented in this collection may be mentioned Gallait, Daubigny, Marecnal. Van Marcke, Bouguereau, Baron, Desgoffes, Rousseau, Jacque, Chaplin, Troyon, Koller, Baron Leys, Stevens, Merle, Willems, Breton, and Koek Koek. There are also some choice little gems by such artists as Frère, Chavet, Bakalowiez, Pecrus, Fichel, and Aufray.

A letter recently received from Darien, Georgia, states that St. Andrew's parish has received a donation of one thousand dollars from the relatives of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, residing on Staten Island and in Boston—a tribute to his memory. It will be remembered that Darien was burned during the civil war; and contributions for the rebuilding of St Andrew's Church have been solicited from all religious denominations. The letter referred to says, "It is clear this church was destroyed by General Montgomery, under orders from General Hunter, in the burning of Darien." And the published letters of Colonel Shaw show that he acted under General Montgomery's orders, and was not responsible for the destruction of the town.

Stations for observations on the weather have been established as far north as Portland, Maine; and arrangements have been effected at the War Department with the Western Union Telegraph Company, by which the weather reports for the New England coast will hereafter be received at regular hours.

The microscope has enabled a savant to discover that the union of milk with tea or coffee produces a compound not unlike leather—though in minute flakes. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year a tea-drinker of average capacity imbibes enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

The ice which has been harvested thus far this winter is said to be remarkably clear and clean. This is attributed to the fact that we have had no freshets to make the water "riley," and very little snow to lessen its transparency. Judging from the activity of the ice-dealers, there is a good prospect of plenty of ice next summer.

The most novel definition of "fiction" that we have ever seen is, "a story made up of *facts invented* for the purpose!" We will not attempt to dispute it, however, as it comes from a learned man of the age.

Judges do not often pronounce a condemning sentence upon themselves; but once in a while a righteous justice appears, who looks upon his own deficiencies with an impartial eye. Not long ago the criminal court in Galveston, Texas, adjourned at noon until three o'clock P.M. The judge, however, failed to appear at that hour; and about four o'clock he entered the court-room, and, on taking his seat, said, "Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of one hundred dollars against Samuel Dodge, judge of this court, for being absent at the hour to which the court adjourned." The fine was entered by the clerk.

The Chicago *Tribune* contains the following statement in a dispatch from Washington:

> "Surratt's reappearance to public notice has brought out a fact concerning him which has never heretofore been published. It is stated, on the most responsible authority, that when Surratt's mother was on trial here, Judge-Advocate Holt consented to release her, if the former would give himself up to trial. Surratt was informed of this by friends who were in communication with him, and instead of at once complying, thereby securing the release of his mother, he immediately absconded, leaving her to her fate."

The most aged stove in the United States is probably the one which warms the Capitol at Richmond, in Virginia. It was made in England in 1770, and was in the House of Burgesses sixty years before it was removed to its present location.

Seventeen years ago there was not a house, nor even a single human being, in Leavenworth, Kansas. Now there are 25,000 inhabitants, twenty-seven schools, thirty churches, two theatres, seven public halls, two jails, and hotels, stores, factories, and foundries in abundance.

Chicago bears the dubious honor of having entered into the city courts no less than six hundred and sixty-eight suits for divorce during the past year.

Plain people have the advantage over the beautiful during a part of life; that is, when old age comes. Homeliness wears well; it seems to mend with years, or, at least, it has nothing to spoil. As a general rule, the most worn and time-touched faces are the faces of those once handsome. There *are* characteristics which defy the ravages of time, but mere personal beauty is evanescent.

A certain lecturer asserts that woman's sphere is bounded on the north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, on the west by her maiden aunt.

Some slight disagreement arose, not long ago, between Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, and a certain Mr. Smith, Congressman elect from that district. Mr. B. had made some remarks which the politician declared were far from correct. The minister rejoined, "Do you want to get up a quarrel with the Beecher family?" This was for a moment a stunner; but the politician, presently recovering himself, and perceiving his advantage on this ground, replied, "No, Sir; but I want to know if you intend to get up a fight with the Smith family?" The difficulty was speedily settled.

It is seldom that there has been so much regard for temperance principles on a similar occasion at Washington as on last New-Year's Day. We see it stated that at a majority of houses nothing stronger than coffee or chocolate was served. This is a movement in the right direction. Whatever various opinions may exist in regard to the use of wine on some occasions, there can be no question that the etiquette which expects a gentleman to take a glass of wine—or something stronger—in connection with every New-Year's call is dangerous, and should be abandoned in all circles where wives, mothers, and sisters care for the best interests of their husbands, sons, and brothers.

After nearly two years' absence abroad, Miss Vinnie Ream returned to this country with the completed statue of Lincoln which she was commissioned by the government to execute. This statue has been warmly commended for the fidelity and strength of the likeness; and whatever artistic criticism it may excite, there is no doubt that it is a work which will be highly valued by all who revere the memory of President Lincoln. The statue is of life-size, cut from a beautiful block of marble, which is almost perfectly white. It stands on a pedestal of slightly clouded marble, and represents Mr. Lincoln in ordinary citizen's dress, with a cloak hanging loosely from his shoulders, and holding in his extended right hand the Emancipation Proclamation.

A project of a new deep-sea cable line, communicating directly between London, Liverpool, and New York, has been started by an enterprising London firm.

Brigham Young's latest scheme for the admission of Utah into the Union involves Congress authorizing a convention to assemble in Salt Lake City next July to form a Constitution, in which polygamy is to be prohibited. Then Brigham is to be Governor, and every thing would be all right. As one of Brigham's bishops, the husband of five wives, has been sent to Washington to further matters, the proposition to abandon polygamy might well be regarded with some distrust.

"It is strange," writes one from Paris, "to see groups of well-dressed women looking in the windows of pork-butchers' and tripe shops with the same eager curiosity with which they used to gaze at ribbons and bonnets."

Governor Claflin, in a recent review of the interests of the State before the Massachusetts Legislature, gave it as his opinion that great injustice was done to woman by many existing laws, and that it was the duty of the Legislature to relieve the statute books of these relics of barbaric ages. The laws relating to property, and those affecting the rights of women in regard to their children, were the ones to which he particularly referred.

At Bethany Chapel, in Brooklyn, a free library and reading-room have been opened under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Eddy's Reformed Church on the Heights. The building is entirely new, and is beautifully painted interiorly in blue, peach, and fawn color. The exterior is of brick, trimmed with Nova Scotia stone, and cost, including lot and furniture, $26,000. The library and reading-room are on the same floor as the chapel, and are divided merely by glass sliding doors. The building is admirably ventilated, and will accommodate over sixty readers, seated at three long sliding tables. The number of books is not yet large; but it is confidently expected that by the end of the present year there will be not far from fifteen thousand volumes.

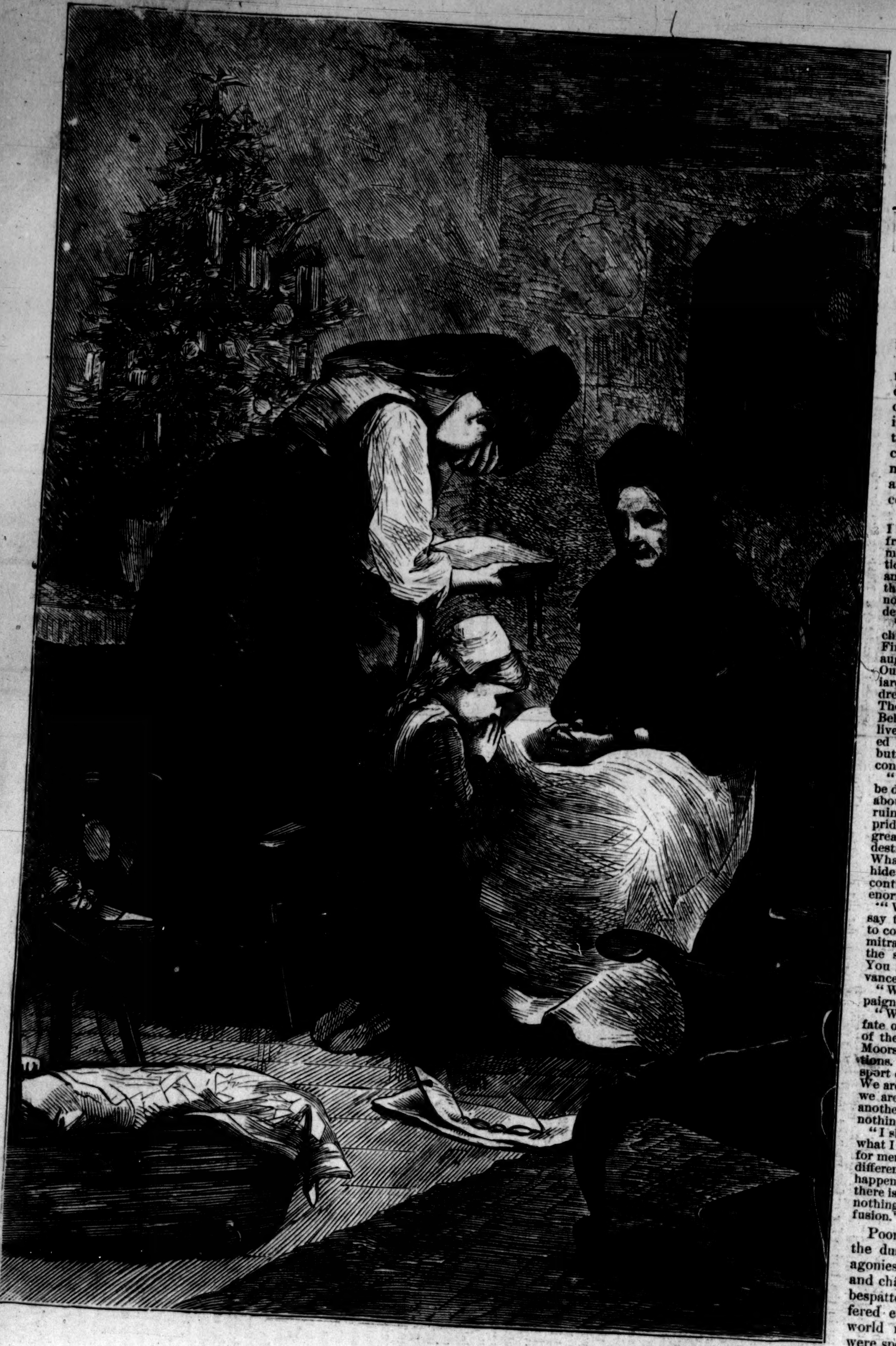
On March 23, 1861, a newspaper in this city published the following item:

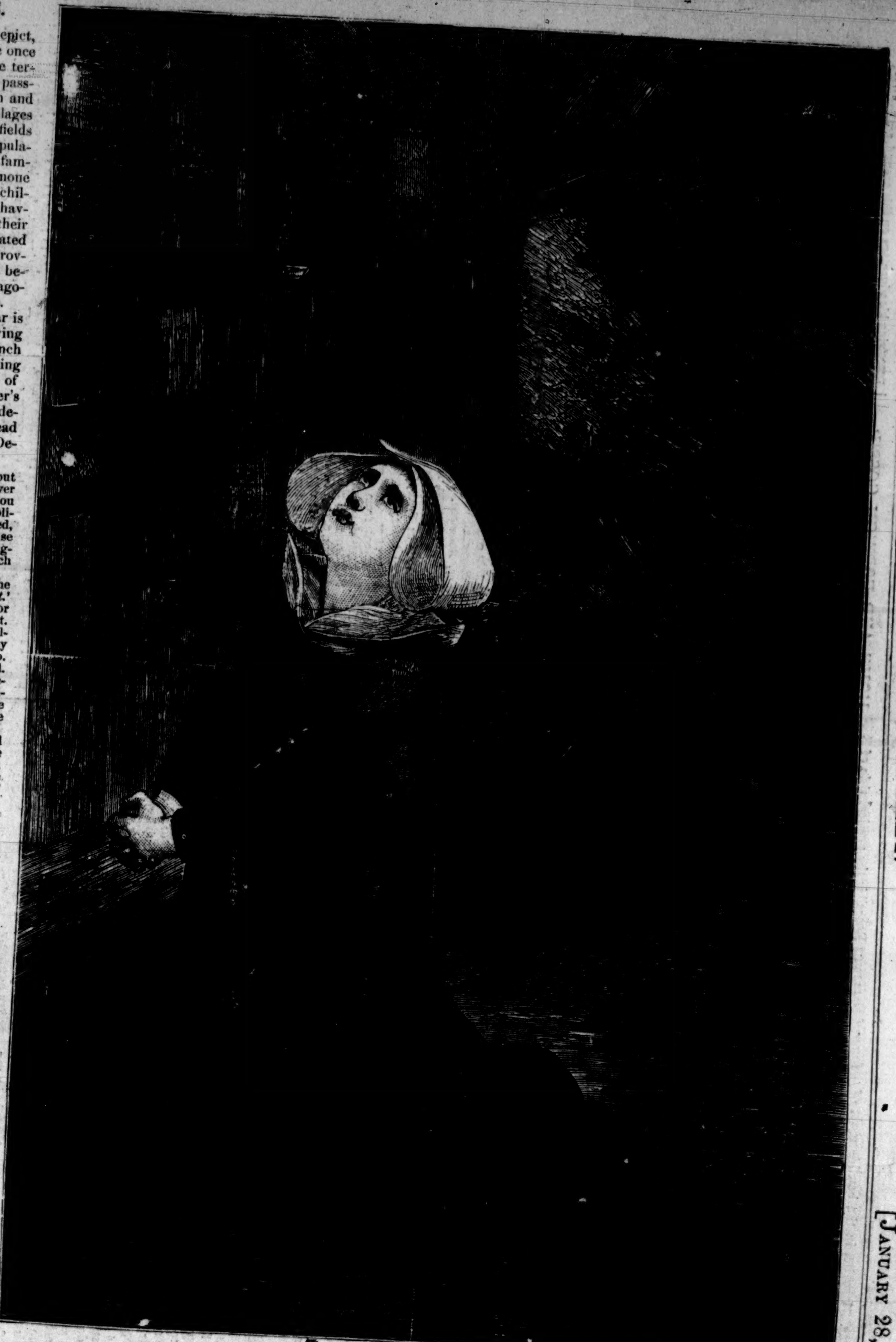
> "A young Swedish girl, Christina Nilsson, has been sent to Paris by the Duchess of Osgothland to be educated, at her expense, as a singer, in consequence of the great beauty of her voice."

The receipts at one of Nilsson's matinées in Boston this winter were $9000; and her eight performances in that city yielded nearly $50,000.

"Garden City" is the name which has been given to the rural city which is soon to rise on Hempstead Plains, under the supervision of Mr. Kellum, the architect of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The work of grading and fencing streets and avenues has been vigorously prosecuted, and the city is now ready for building. It is two and a half miles wide by ten to twelve miles in length, and runs north and south. Thirty miles of street have been cleared of soil and made perfectly level, while there are sixty miles of fences, and twelve thousand maple shade trees, from twelve to fourteen feet in height. The blocks are five hundred feet wide, and from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet long. It is intended to have the lots two hundred and fifty feet square. All the houses will sit back seventy feet from the street. The estimated cost of each house will be from $3000 to $10,000. Twenty houses will be erected this season, and others as soon afterward as possible. A fire-proof hotel is also to be commenced immediately, and a railroad dépôt.

Although Baron Rothschild had not invited the King of Prussia to the hospitality of his house, nevertheless, until recently, his château at Ferrières has been the head-quarters of William. The place is a modern paradise. In the park the flora of the whole world is represented; the picturesque Scotch fir stands by the trembling-foliaged silver-poplar; tamarinds and weeping-willows line the brook that winds among the lawns; grand old cedars dot the vista here and there; broad wood-shaded paths lead to and from the villa, where the most beautiful forms of Oriental vegetation meet the eye. The château itself, the creation of the late Baron James Rothschild, is built in the style of the Renaissance. The interior is grand. From the north one enters first a vestibule, with marble busts of Roman emperors. Ascending a few steps, the largest hall of the château is entered—a *salon* with galleries borne up by Ionic gilded pillars. An indescribable wealth is here displayed in gold ornamentation and paintings. The rear wall is occupied entirely by the library, all the books of which are bound in red morocco. The upper rooms consist chiefly of dwelling and sleeping rooms, all being fitted out with extreme luxury, and in part decorated with valuable paintings. The more valuable articles have been taken away, although what remains is valued at twelve millions of francs. King William used the rooms, and nothing more. Even fruits and vegetables taken from the gardens were paid for, and Rothschild will suffer no loss.





THE DESOLATED HOMES OF FRANCE—PRAYING FOR PEACE.

PRAYING FOR PEACE.

No pen can describe, no pencil depict, the desolation that broods over the once fair land of France. Wherever the terrible armies of King WILLIAM have passed, they have left nothing but ruin and misery in their track. Scores of villages have been burned to the ground, fields laid waste, and the defenseless population left a prey to wintry cold and famine. In many districts, we are told, none are left but old men and women and children, all the able-bodied young men having been called to the defense of their country; and from all these desolated homesteads, from all these wasted provinces, amidst the dreadful misery left behind by the advancing armies, rise agonizing prayers for the return of peace.

The desire for the close of the war is not confined to civilians. The following extracts from a letter written by a French officer show the state of feeling existing in the French army. Other advices of the same tenor prove that the writer's case is not an isolated one, but that the demoralization he describes is wide-spread and threatening. The letter is dated December 15:

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I am quite well, but I have lost all hope that France can recover from the blows which she has received. You may say to all those who chatter about politics that France is conquered and betrayed, and that she will be again. Why? Because three dragons rule in France—indifference, ignorance of military art, and party spirit, which devour and will devour France.

"Panic is in the French army. All the chiefs cry to the soldiers, '*Sauve qui peut.*' First, national indifference. No one cares for aught but himself. National unity is extinct. Our chiefs at the table, at the café, in the billiard-room, at play—behold their life. They dream of nothing but to parade and to gossip. The rest are becoming even more depraved. Behold those into whose hands we are delivered. From the smallest chief, who is called lieutenant, to the general there are none but the ignorant and imbecile. All who are conscious of their duty groan in despair....

"Every body demands peace. What will be done? What will become of us? We are about to perish under the ruins of France, ruined by luxury, pride, and jealousy. The pride of the soldier makes him think himself greater than his chief. Confidence lost, ruin, destruction! What shall we do with peace? What shall we be? We shall only seek to hide our shame; and, besides, the parties will continue to devour us. Civil war is inevitable, enormous imposts, requisitions, etc.

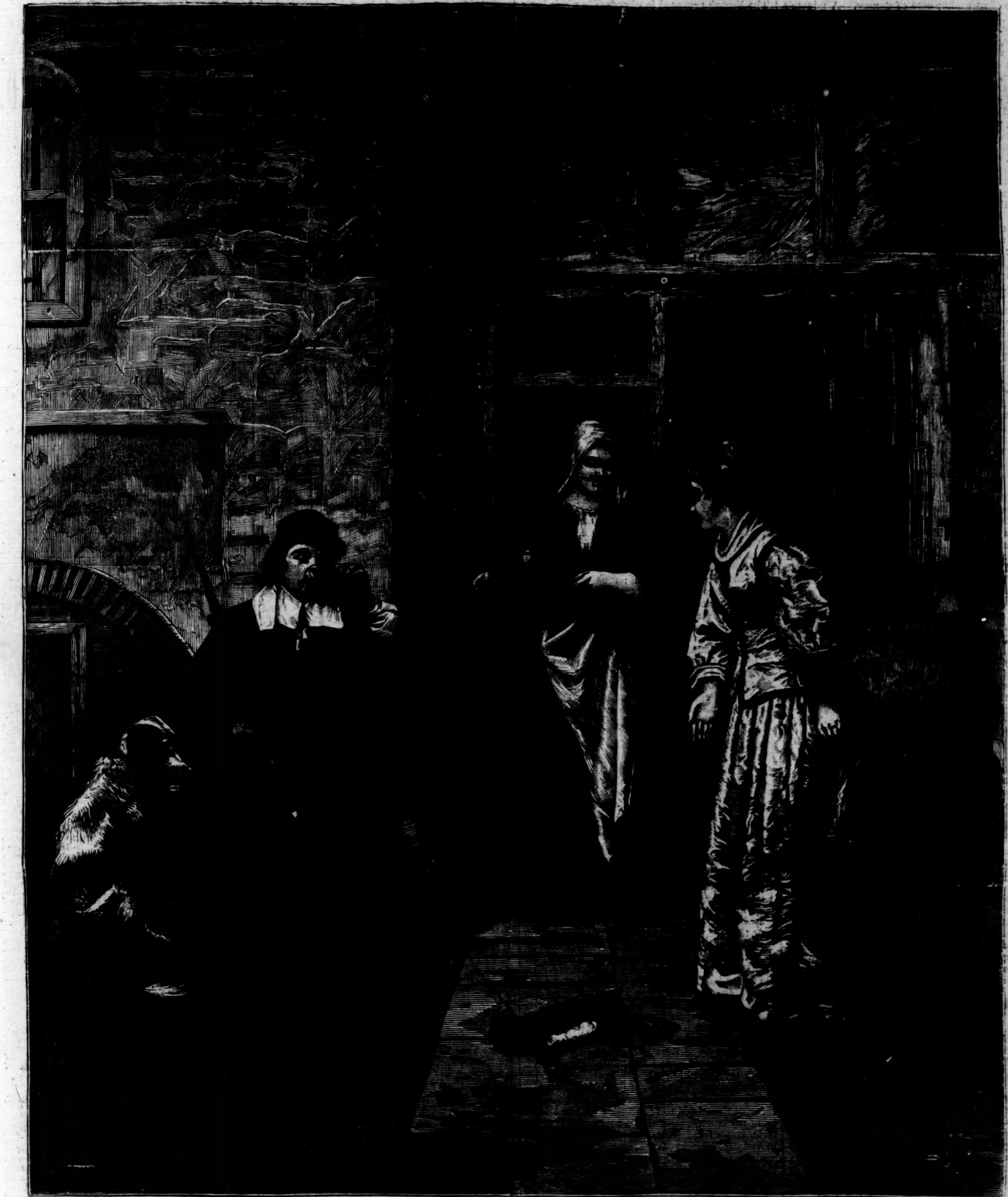
"'With such cowards as we have, you may say to those who ask you what we must do to conquer: 'It is necessary to place a row of mitrailleuses behind the army, and to say to the soldiers, "Soldiers, conquest or death. You must conquer, or I mitraille you. Advance!"'

"We have lost 400,000 men during this campaign, and we have not gained one victory....

"We are all old people. We submit to the fate of all great nations. What has become of the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Moors, the Turks? They were all great nations. What are they now? Vile wrecks, the sport of other nations. Such is our destiny. We are already one of these ancient peoples; we are in our decadence: this time one rag, another time another; soon there will remain nothing....

"I shall return, please God, different from what I was at my departure—full of contempt for men, for I know them; and I shall be indifferent to all the goods and ills which may happen to me, because, humanly speaking, there is to-day, both in the army and at home, nothing but demoralization, disorder, and confusion."

Poor France! her banner trailed in the dust, her children suffering untold agonies of body and heart, her villages and châteaus all black with burning and bespattered with blood—has she not suffered enough? Would not the whole world rejoice if her prayers for peace were speedily granted?



"ONLY A RABBIT."—[FROM A PAINTING BY G. R. STOREY.]

"ONLY A RABBIT."

"THE Sportsman's Return" is a subject which has been so well worked by artists that we might have supposed, had not Mr. STOREY, a young English artist, of great promise, taken it in hand, that there was nothing new to be got out of it. Dusty sportsmen, weary dogs, a litter of picturesquely arranged game, and admiring friends and dependents, are the recognized ingredients for such works; but Mr. STOREY has struck out a line for himself, and, by a touch of humor, made it his own. The day's work is done; the sturdy sportsman is taking his ease, quaffing bright ale; while a lady—his wife or his daughter, we are not certain which—turns out the spoils of his gun from the game bag. "Only a rabbit!" No wonder she looks at him in remonstrance and inquiry; no wonder that even the dog should regard the pitiful result with a kind of dignified sorrow. It is not the kind of work to which he has been used, and, as accessory, he must needs feel some shame. But the principal actor, the gentleman, has no such weakness, or effectually conceals it under a stolid exterior. He is evidently determined to give no explanation. Perhaps he has had other sport on hand which it would not be convenient to speak about before the lady, and so has made up his mind to bear any amount of ridicule with a good grace. "Only a rabbit!" exclaims the lady; and he thinks, as the golden ale gurgles down his throat, of the game-keeper's pretty daughter, and of what a delightful ramble he has had.

It is a capital picture. Careful finish without weakness, good drawing, good composition, without that overcrowding of details which is such a temptation and snare to artists who have a knack of deftly touching off pots and pans in the old Dutch manner, and a dry humor in the expression, are qualities to be found in this work. True humor is rather scarce, and we are glad to meet with it any where, in pictures or in books, for we may be pretty sure it implies prolonged popularity. Sentiment is apt to change with the times; the pathos of our fathers has grown out of fashion, and needs to be differently expressed to touch our hearts; but humor is always in fashion, however strange may be the cut of his coat. The fun of the old novelists makes us laugh still; their love-making has a tendency to weariness. We are, therefore, glad to see that in the modern school of painters there are several—and Mr. STOREY is among the number—who have this sense of perennial humor, and can transfer it to their canvas.

ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

IT was a bright October day, no cloud obscured the clear blue sky, and Versailles looked her best as she basked in the sun. To be sure, the black and white flag of Germany floated overhead, and a park of Prussian field artillery filled the Place d'Armes; but the good people of Versailles had long been accustomed to such sights, and although many a mournful look was cast at the sombre flag, and many a sigh was given for the time when the gay tricolor should once more take its proper place, the good towns-people knew their interests too well to show any signs of hostility to the foreigners. It was past noon, and the grandees of the German army, after lunching at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, were tranquilly enjoying their cigars. Prince Hohenzollern had mounted his black charger; the Prince of Würtemberg stood beside his spotless snow-white Arab, buttoning his glove preparatory to a start; the very wind seemed to pause and listen.

The frightful roar of a heavy gun broke the spell. At the first discharge I held my breath. The little butcher-boy with his basket stood suddenly still, and, with head forward, in an attitude of the utmost attention, listened. Young ladies, starting for a walk in the palace gardens, stood irresolute as to whether they should proceed. Their minds were soon made up, however, as the heavy "boom, boom" broke the tranquillity again and again, while little white clouds, marking the descent of bursting shells, floated away over the trees. Hark! what is that distant trumpet-note?

It comes nearer, the bugler stops exactly opposite me, and, putting the brass trumpet to his lips, blows the warning note of danger. A minute's pause, then his message seemed to work like electricity. The grandees threw away their choice cigars, buckled their long swords tightly round their waists; some returned to the reservoirs, to drink a last stirrup-cup; others mounted their steeds, and darted off to head their regiments; a few stood still, to listen to the heavy thuds of the great guns from Fort Valérien, or to grasp some friend's hand preparatory to a parting which, perhaps, would be forever.

The Place d'Armes was instantly alive with a swarming mass. Soldiers poured into it from all sides. Each man knew where his division, his regiment, his company stood; there was no noise, no confusion. Each man was in his place, not one seemed missing. "Fix bayonets!" "March!" and the serried ranks of mighty Prussia, with their helmets, bayonets, and shining accoutrements glistening in the sun's rays, their standards unrolled and their drums beating the advance, marched with firm step, to meet, in many cases, an agonizing death. There was no flinching, no bravado; each seemed impressed with the sort of work he had to do, and seemed to have made up his mind to do it; the tightened lip and the fixed eye were all that told their resolution. The towns-people shuddered as they passed; and many a fair French girl turned pale as she, no doubt, thought of François, who had only left her side three months ago, and would now have to meet these dreaded "Prussiens." Then came the field artillery. Each gun followed by its eight artillerymen; six sturdy horses trotted the cannon along; then rode by the cavalry, the dreaded Uhlans in the van, and, following in their wake, the dashing dragoons and the ponderous cuirassiers. One splendid-looking Landwehr officer caught my eye as he passed. I had often noticed him before; he had a face on which calm courage was indelibly stamped, and his form was herculean. To-day his bright glance was, for some reason, dimmed by sorrow. I know not what emotion brought it there. I felt drawn to him irresistibly. I followed him with my eyes till his black helmet had faded in the distance.

The town cleared rapidly of troops; only a guard was left at the palace, and a few pickets piled their long needle-guns before the gates of the town. There was a buzz in the crowd which lines the St. Germain road, which hushed suddenly at the sight of a small cavalcade of Uhlans. On they came, with lances erect, their little black and white pennons fluttering in the breeze; then appeared a large open chaise drawn by four horses. The King and General Moltke were inside, grave and engaged in earnest conversation; they scarcely noticed passing salutes. Following the carriage came the King's staff, composed of officers dressed in all the varied costumes of the great army. Next rode the grooms, each leading an extra horse, and a squadron of Uhlans brought up the rear. Again the crowd became excited, and as the sound of battle seemed approaching, cries of "Vive la France," and "à bas les Prussiens," echoed through the streets and avenues; but again the storm lulled, as another body of horsemen appeared over the brow of the hill. It was the Crown Prince and his staff. They rode quickly by. I followed, as two of the officers were friends of mine, and beckoned me to accompany them. We galloped to a spot from whence we could see the battle spread out like a map. Massed on the slope of Mont Valérien stood a large body of about twelve thousand French. They stood immediately under the guns of the fort, and were flanked on their left by two or three compact, but smaller, clumps of troops. In front of these, at the bottom of the green slope, in a southwesterly direction, the French attacked with great spirit the line regiments of the ninth and tenth Prussian divisions. The Prussian outposts and advance-posts were driven in on the main body, and the French tactics seemed directed against the village of Bougival, which lies close to the Seine. Between this and Garches, which is situated on the other side of this tongue of land, and also near the river, the sloping plain is dotted by woods, which extend for a considerable distance back toward Vaucresson; in these woods the Prussians stood to meet the French onset. The onset was made in a curious but plucky way down the slope: before the skirmishers came two field-pieces and a mitrailleuse; these dashed at a gallop, bump, bump over every obstacle; then with a quickness that did their drill great credit, the horses turned the muzzle of the guns toward the enemy, and the gunners pounded away into the woods to their heart's content. It was hard work, however, for the Prussians stand like walls even when without cover, and are particularly stubborn when under protection of woods or houses. The rattle of musketry was incessant; it was like a continuous volley, the smoke of which seemed to emerge from every thing around. The French troops posted on the hill, under the Valérien guns, never moved an inch the whole day, but kept firing incessant volleys at the Prussians posted to the right of Bougival. The artillery seemed also to be doing its work, for ever and anon the rattle of the volleys was drowned by the awful boom of the heavy fort guns; while throughout the infernal music ran the newest battle sound—I mean the horrible rat-tat-tat-tat-tat of the mitrailleuse. Simple as the sound may look on paper, there is something horrible about it; something quite distinct from the noise made by any other weapon.

At about half past three the French seemed vigorously to be pushing on; they were making for a ridge which was the stand-point of the Prussians. Where was the deadly Prussian artillery? Presently the French seemed to catch sight of a new enemy on their flank, for they stopped, and with a crab-like motion appeared to be drawing slowly backward. The hidden enemy at last emerged; it was the Landwehr of the Guard. Shoulder to shoulder they pressed on. The French retreated in disorder; a whole body of them threw away their arms and fled. There was a dash of cavalry into the smoke, and out again, up a hill. Two or three horsemen fell, but the two cannons and the mitrailleuse were taken. The Germans, having repulsed the sortie, now made a retrograde movement. It was about half past four. The dispirited French turned round once more, and seemed inclined to renew the contest, some of the reserves coming to their aid; but General Kirchbach was too wise to allow his Prussians to be cut to pieces by Mont Valérien projectiles, in following up their advantages. The French sullenly fired a few shells after the enemy, which illumined the gathering gloom, and returned to their capital, their forts, and their ramparts, to tell the excited Parisians of their individual deeds of prowess, or to mourn over the strength of the iron girdle which encircled the city.

The last volley had been fired, and the night set in cold and dismal enough. I followed some ambulances to the battle-field, procured a lantern, and started alone to tend the wounded and dying. Slung at my waist was one of my large saddle-bags, which contained charpie, bandages, instruments, etc.; a bottle of brandy at each side, and a large flask of water, completed my equipment. I shall never forget the chill that crept over me as I came nearer and nearer to the field of slaughter. I made my way through the woods. Hearing somebody groaning heavily, I screwed up my courage and walked toward him. When I approached I found it was a poor wounded Prussian, who took little or no notice of me. He was beside himself with pain. I asked him where his wound was. He said it was through the stomach. I took out of my bag a bottle of laudanum, poured out fifteen drops, and mixed it with a little water in the cup of my flask. It was taken thankfully, and without a question. I then wrote on a card, in German, "Wound through abdomen, tinctura opii xv." This I put on the top button of his great-coat. Then I applied some charpie, moistened with water, to the wounds; told him to remember his card, should he be taken to another doctor, and wrapping him up as warmly as I could, I left him to attend to others. They were easily to be found—to the right, to the left, and in front; the German cry of "Herr Jesus!" was intermingled with the distressing French groan of "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Some were sitting, some leaning against the trees; some called for water, others for help. I almost wished that I had been wounded too; it was so dreadful not to be able to help them all at once. One poor fellow, shot through the breast, could not speak; but while I was attending to his wounded comrade beside him he kept pulling my coat-tails, and whenever I turned round he, in a beseeching manner, pointed to his wound. There was something so sad in this mute distress that it powerfully affected me. Near him sat a Frenchman, who had been making such an awful howl that it made me doubt the severity of his wound. I found he had only received a ball in the calf of his leg. It was easily extracted, but had I been taking the man's leg off without chloroform he could not have made more noise. He stood pain very badly, and the contrast to his poor German neighbor, who was fast sinking, was very great.

I now came to a little clearing in the wood. Just as I stepped into the open a gust of wind blew out my lantern. I had no matches. I crept cautiously along, but it was pitch-dark, and I could not see an inch before me. I had not gone many yards when I stumbled over a body; I spoke, there was no answer; I put my hand over the face, it was cold; I got up, and again I stumbled over a second body. I felt for matches in a dead man's pocket; to my delight I found a pipe, and of course matches. I lighted my candle in the lantern, and then, holding it above my head, I surveyed the scene before me. To my dying day I shall never forget it; stretched out like a fan, with their feet toward a common centre, lay eight men near the middle of the clearing; between them and the side of the wood I had just emerged from were the two corpses I had stumbled over, and in this little space five others lay dead also. I was horrified; fifteen dead men, and I the only living person near them; oh, how dreadful was that silence! I shivered from head to foot. Just as I was lowering my lantern, after viewing this ghastly spectacle, one of the supposed dead in the centre moved; it brought my scattered senses back again. I went to the wounded man; he had received a frightful scalp-wound, and looked, from his face being covered with blood, almost unearthly; his eyes rolled in their sockets. I felt for a fracture, but could find none. I spoke to him; he answered. I asked him why he did not go away; he pointed to his knee; I ripped the trowser open, his knee-cap had been completely blown away. I dressed his wounds, took the great-coat from the knapsack of a dead man lying near and wrapped him in it, for he was shivering with the cold. As I was leaving, he said, "Ah, that was a fearful bad shell; we are only half of what it hurt, the rest have crawled away." Of the seven others, six were stone-dead. The Mont Valérien shell had indeed done its work; the other still lived, but how? I will not harrow your feelings by answering the question; his lips were blue; he murmured "Wasser, wasser;" I handed him my flask. I knew nothing could be done for him. At that moment I saw the gleam of a light coming toward me through the trees. Two krankenträgers, or sick-carriers, stopped in the wood to pick up a wounded man. I went to them and told them of the men in the clearing, and they promised to return at once. I now thought my work was done, and, making my way toward the road leading to Garches, I came to what seemed to be a field; many lights were flitting about, and wounded men were being carried to the village. I saw a light stationary at a spot not far distant, and could hear the thud, thud of a pickaxe. I knew what that meant, and turned away; helmets and knapsacks were lying about in all directions. I then passed some vineyards, where there had been some heavy fighting. From the amount of débris all the wounded seemed to have been taken away, but many dead lay about. I had now almost got into the road, when out of the darkness I heard a low call for water; I hastened to the spot, and in a ditch I found a man lying on his back, breathing heavily. I gave him water, then set about finding out where his wound was; his shirt was hot, wet, and red; I tore it open; in doing so I knocked my lantern over. As I relighted it I saw the man's face; it was ghastly pale, and death was there, but I knew it, and uttered a cry of horror. It was the Landwehr officer I had seen that morning in all the vigor of manly health, and now, only ten hours afterward, I was to find him dying. I plugged the great hole in his chest lightly with charpie moistened with water, took a Frenchman's great-coat and wrapped him in it, and left him there to seek a couple of krankenträgers. I was away about twenty or twenty-five minutes; to my horror, when I returned with the men, the handsome lieutenant was dead, and his coat and waistcoat were gone. I looked round, then ran down the road for five minutes toward Garches to catch the robber, who, if he had done nothing worse, had robbed the dead, but could see no one. I returned; the two krankenträgers were standing by the corpse. I examined the neck; there were no marks of violence, so I hoped the bright spirit had fled before those vultures of the battle-field had rifled the poor corpse.

Yes, such is war. Can any thing justify the causes of such a scene as I have tried to portray? Yet, what I can tell is scarcely one-twentieth part as horrible as the awful reality; the scenes haunt me even now like an ugly nightmare, and are ever before me. If this is enough to cause sadness in one who has only tried to alleviate such sufferings, what ought to be the feelings of monarchs who willfully or thoughtlessly inflict the horrors and unspeakable miseries of war on their fellow-men?

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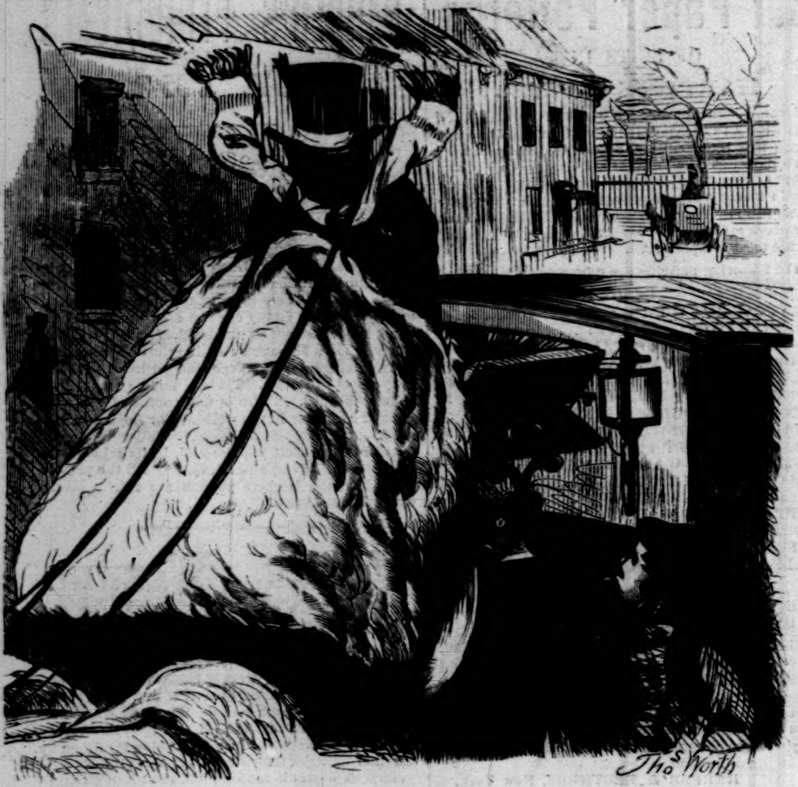

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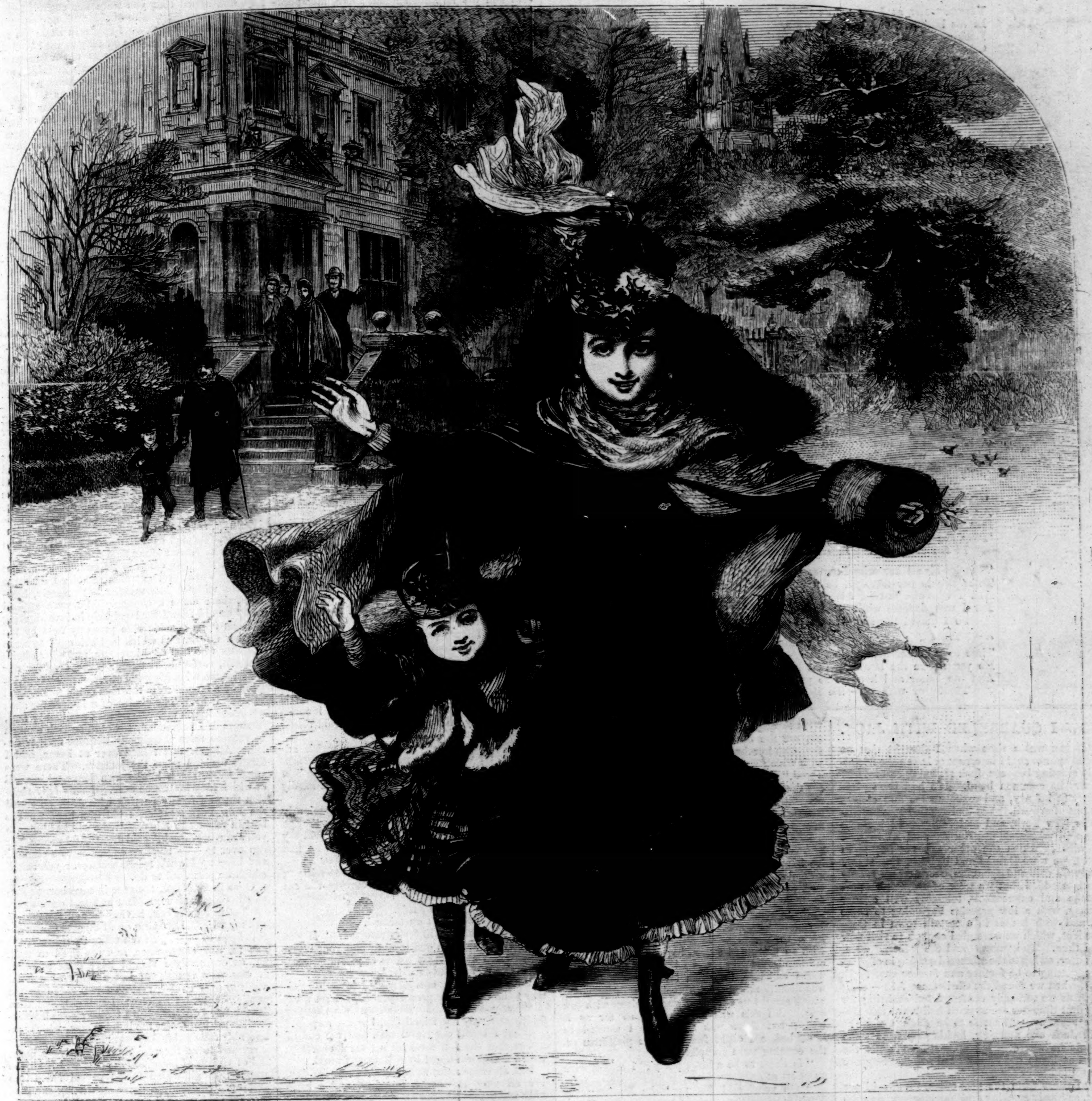

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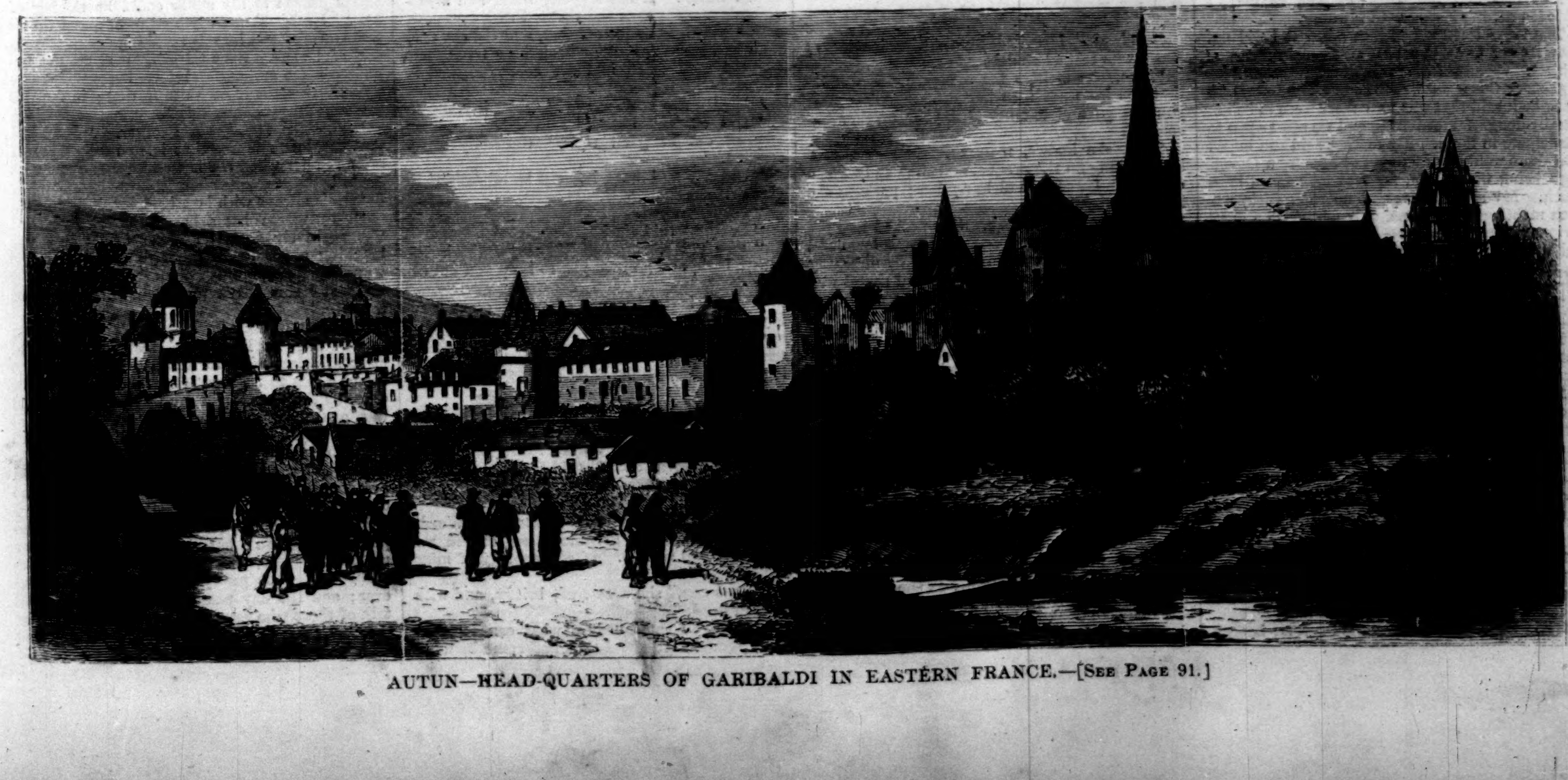


AUTUN—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GARIBALDI IN EASTERN FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

YESTERNIGHT as I sat with an old friend of mine,
In his library cozily over our wine,
Looking out on the guests in the parlors, I said,
Of a lady whose shoe showed some ripping of thread,
"Frank, she looks like a shoemaker's daughter."

"Yes," said Frank—"yes; her shoe has a rip at the side—
The mishap of the moment—the lady's a bride.
That reminds me of something; and here as we sit,
If you'll listen with patience, I'll spin you a bit
Of a yarn of a shoemaker's daughter.

"When I was a boy, half a century since—
How one's frame, as one numbers the years, seems to wince!—
A dear little girl went to school with me then:
As I sit in my arm-chair I see her again:
Kitty Mallet, the shoemaker's daughter.

"Whence the wonderful ease in her manner she had?
Not from termagant mother, nor hard-working dad.
Yet, no doubt that, besides a most beautiful face,
The child had decorum, refinement, and grace,
Not at all like a shoemaker's daughter.

"Her dress was of six-penny print; but 'twas clean;
Her shoes, like all shoemakers' children's, were mean;
Her bonnet a wreck; but, whatever she wore,
The air of a damsel of breeding she bore—
Not that of a shoemaker's daughter.

"The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
Pinched each other, then tittered and stared in her face.
She heeded no insult, no notice she took;
But quietly settled her eyes to her book—
She meant business, that shoemaker's daughter.

"Still jeered at by idler and dull-head and fool—
A hermitess she in the crowd of the school:
There was wonder, indeed, when it soon came to pass
That 'Calico Kitty' was head of the class,
'What! Kitty?' 'That shoemaker's daughter!'

"Still wearing the same faded calico dress,
And calm as before in the pride of success;
Her manner the same—easy, soft, and refined—
'Twas she seemed an heiress, while each left behind
In the race was the shoemaker's daughter.

"Bit by bit all her school-mates she won to her side,
To rejoice in her triumph, be proud in her pride,
And I with the rest—I felt elderly then;
For I was sixteen, while the lass was but ten;
So I petted the shoemaker's daughter.

"Do you see that old lady with calm, placid face:
Time touches her beauty, but leaves all her grace:
Do you notice the murmurs that hush when she stirs,
And the honor and homage so pointedly hers?
That's my wife, Sir—the shoemaker's daughter."

HOW I QUARRELED WITH JACK.

THERE was a time when I thought that no earthly power could interrupt or lessen the friendship existing between Jack Downing and myself. It was no common bond. We had been playmates in infancy, and school-mates and college chums afterward. We had studied law together in New York, and had commenced business there in partnership. Neither had an interest or wish in which the other did not share; in short, we were Damon and Pythias, Castor and Pollux, David and Jonathan, over again. It only need be added that we were of respectable parentage and connections, tolerably well off for money, with a law practice beginning to come in, and with homes in a certain town in Connecticut, which we were glad enough to visit now and then. The "nows" and the "thens" were, however, owing to the aforesaid coming in of practice, getting to be further and further apart. In fact, when we found the Christmas of 18— close upon us we seriously contemplated omitting for the first time our accustomed holiday at that festive season. "What *is* to be done, George?" said Jack one morning, looking up from some papers he was drawing up. "I can't get the faces at home out of my head at all. Suppose we settle it now for good."

"Letters from the post-office, Sir!" said our boy, suddenly entering and handing me two epistles which he had just received.

"Excuse me, Jack," said I, opening the first. "This concerns you, Jack, as well as me," I added, pitching it across to his desk.

The second concerned him too, but I did not show it to him. And yet they were upon the same subject. One was from my mother, the other from my sister; this latter was the one I kept to myself. They both said that this year there were to be unusually delightful festivities, and we *must* come to participate in them. My mother said she hoped that there would be no doubt of Mr. John Downing's being with them, for they *all* wished it so much. My sister expressed no such wish, nor even mentioned his name, only adding in a postscript, "Now do come—I hope you are both quite well." Then there was a second postscript: "Myra Greene is come to stay a month. You remember her, of course?"

"Remember!" That was a little bit of mischief from Kitty. She knew more than I had ever told her. In fact, I had told her nothing; but she had understood how I felt when Myra and I had been thrown together a year ago.

I laid down my letter. Jack laid down the one he held, and we looked sternly at each other for a minute without speaking. He broke the silence.

"George, this is serious."

"Jack, this is very serious."

"Another letter, Sir; left it in my pocket by accident," interrupted the boy, again thrusting his obtrusive form into our presence, and handing a missive this time to Jack.

"From *my* mother, actually; she says I must come. Clearly a case of duty to parents, George. In effect, I consider the matter settled."

It had been "in effect" settled before, but we went through the form of pretending each could not see the other's thoughts, knowing it to be thorough humbug all the while. The half yawn with which I mentioned that Myra was, I "believed," to visit our house was not less transparent than the indolent way in which he received my slight allusion to Kitty's few words as to our state of health. So very soon we two young men, learned in the law, deserting clients and papers, were speeding homeward on the wings of—well, the wind; and arrived at our respective homes, to meet again at the Cedars, where no end of festive preparations had been made by both families. My receptions at home were affectionate always—this time more so than ever. Father put his hands on my shoulders and surveyed me with a beaming look of approval worth more than words. Mother kissed me fondly, with an unwonted something dimming her dear old handsome eyes; and Kitty gave me a sister's warm embrace, in which love for her brother was funnily mingled with avoidance of his gaze, which sought to exchange questionings with her own. All this was satisfactory, so far as it went; but there was something I wanted to know before I could feel that the pleasures of the evening were complete.

"Is there to be a large party?" I asked, with an effort at carelessness.

"Oh yes," said Kitty; "the Devines, the Nevilles, the—the—quite a number of your old friends."

"By-the-by, I have not told you, George," said my mother, "we have Myra Greene with us."

"Indeed!" I replied, innocently glancing at Kate, who looked as demure as possible.

"Yes, she is here for a month. I wonder that you have not seen her yet. My dear, will you not go and tell her that your brother has come?"

"Oh, she knows, mamma. She—we—saw him walking up the avenue, and she will be down directly. I will go and hurry her; perhaps she is a little shy."

Myra shy! Not much. She walked into the room with perfect calmness, gave me her hand without a tremor, and then, gracefully disposing herself upon the piano stool, "hoped that I was well!" Now Myra is a very stately and magnificent sort of young lady, and when she does put on her queenly manner is rather an awful undertaking in the way of conversation. I had expected blushes, shrinking, embarrassment; but there was on this occasion nothing of the sort. She talked small talk with entire self-possession, so that I became at last perfectly amazed. I spoke of occurrences which had formerly brought us into very friendly companionship, to say the least; but she had "forgotten them," or was "uncertain as to which I referred." I even tried a compliment or two, but was brought up short by a cold, steady look, which froze them on my tongue. It was wonderful, mortifying, painful; and when in a short time she sailed out of the room with Kitty, as composedly as she had sailed into it, I felt bewildered and utterly cast down.

I was glad Jack came in soon after this, and I dragged him away as soon as I decently could into a sort of lumber-room sacred to my treasures and the forbidden weed, there, metaphorically, to throw myself upon his bosom and weep. But he laughed at me; told me that was the way with all the girls; they always "said one thing and meant another." If he were me he would "pay her off in her own coin," and so forth; which was, no doubt, very funny and philosophical from his point of view, but not from mine.

"Why," said I, "we understood each other a year ago, I thought; Kitty understood it too, and now—"

"'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' as the Spanish say," said Jack. "I am really ashamed of you, George. She is a girl of spirit, and I like her all the more for not striking her flag at once."

At this very moment we heard a low titter outside the window, which, however, was too high for any one to be seen by us unless we had opened it and looked out. Surely there could be no mistake in those voices—Myra's and Kitty's. We listened instinctively, which was mean, of course, but excusable perhaps. Both girls were laughing.

"For my part," said Kitty, "I think your performance was perfectly splendid."

"Didn't he look funny? Oh, I had such trouble to keep from laughing; and it was a little too bad, after all," replied Myra.

"Then," said Kitty, "I shall do just the same with—"

And then the speakers passed out of hearing altogether.

"There!" said Jack; "what did I tell you?"

The evening came, and with it many guests from far and near. It was a glorious gathering. There were games of forfeits and all sorts of fun, and, above all, dancing. It was my luck to secure Myra for the latter, but she kept up her reserve of the afternoon; and it was not until we went down to supper that there was the least chance of private conversation. At last the opportunity came—we were seated at table together.

"Myra," said I, "I wish that you had to leave this house to-night."

She looked much astonished. "If I am unwelcome," said she, "I can, and will."

"Not at all," said I; "but still I *do* wish it. I only meant that if you were to go home to-night I should escort you, and tell you as we went along how much I admired your acting of to-day."

"My acting?"

"Yes. For my part I think your performance was perfectly splendid!"

Myra glanced at me quickly, and her face crimsoned. "You were listening, then," she said.

"No; but I could not help hearing the little confidence between you and Kitty, and it made me very happy; though I thought I would retaliate just for once."

"Then," said she, "you took an unfair advantage, for which I do not thank you."

"Of course not. That's where the joke lies. Myra, I was miserable before, but now I hardly know how to express my thanks."

Her color began to rise. She became seriously angry. Persiflage is a keen weapon, but though a woman may use it against a man, she will cry "Unfair, unfair," if its edge be turned against herself.

"Sir," said she, hotly, "allow me to tell you that your eaves-dropping was scarcely the act of—" and she hesitated.

But I was nettled by this.

"Say the word!" I exclaimed.

"Well, then, I will," she retorted. "It was scarcely the act of a gentleman; and your interpretation of a few light words is presumptuous, impertinent, and unbearable."

"Myra," I said, earnestly, "I intended neither to be unfair nor presumptuous, believe me."

"Yet you are both. Take care, Sir, that you forfeit not only my friendship, but my respect."

Well, I could not stand this, and the end of it was that she left me with a formal courtesy, which I acknowledged by a bow as formal.

But all came right next day—Christmas-day. We all went to church together, and a brisk walk was proposed afterward. There were Jack and Myra, Kitty and myself—a distribution which Myra herself rather insisted upon, though not in actual words. It was a pretty walk, and a glorious day. The road was covered with dry snow, which squeaked under our feet, and the sky over all was blue and clear. The bare trees were silvered with frost, and the bushes clothed in white as with a garment.

"Which way shall we go?" said Kitty.

"Oh, straight ahead," said Jack; and we stepped out in good style. Suddenly Kitty stopped.

"Oh, Myra, I have left my handkerchief in church!" she exclaimed. "I must go back for it."

"I will," said I.

"Let me," said Jack.

"Two offers," replied Kitty; "I think I'll accept both, and go with you to keep you out of mischief."

"What is to become of me?" questioned Myra.

"True," answered my sister; "I had forgotten that difficulty. George, you and Mr. Downing stay here with her;" and off she ran like a deer.

"That won't do at all," muttered Jack; and off he ran, too, and thus Myra and I were left alone together. So we walked slowly on. I felt woefully embarrassed. Should I, or should I not, try to amend the trouble of last night? I would try.

"Myra," I began. She started. "Words have passed between us which have caused me deep pain and sorrow. If any apology of mine can atone—"

"None can," she answered, briefly, and with averted head.

"What," I continued—"what can I say or do to remove the cloud that has come between us? I will speak plainly. I love you very dearly, and hoped that you were not entirely indifferent to me. I was too bold, and, as you said, perhaps offensively so. I spoke in haste. I recall every word. Can you forgive me?" And I took her hand, which was not withdrawn, though she still kept her face concealed, and seemed agitated. I pressed the hand tenderly, and finally lifted it to my lips. As I did this she fairly shook with emotion. "Tears," I exclaimed, "and for me? Oh, Myra, let me look into those dear eyes; let me see that dear face." And she turned full toward me, and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, what a goose you are, George! Did you really think me so angry?"

Well, I thought it was a good imitation of anger, but did not say so. I only did say, "Then you love me?"

"I wish Kitty would come back," was her only answer.

"So she will," I urged. "But before she does, just one little word."

"Yes, *dear*," she whispered.

"One more," I asked, eagerly. "Quick, quick—Kitty's coming. You *do* love me?"

"Yes," she whispered; and I immediately kissed her, for the first time in my life. It was but a moment afterward that Kitty's quick step and Jack's heavy one were heard crunching over the snow, and they had turned the corner. We resumed our walk at once, Kitty only saying, as she flashed a quick look at me, "Shall I walk with you, George?" to which I replied by tucking Myra's arm under my own and starting off, leaving the other two to follow when and how they pleased.

All was plain sailing after this day, and it was understood that Myra and I were engaged; and we accordingly became objects of interest to all our friends, who watched us as if we were the subjects of some curious scientific experiment. As for Jack, he did not seem to make much headway, sure as I had thought him of his prize. It almost seemed as if Kitty had flirted with him in order to leave a clear field for me.

Well, the visit came to an end, and we went back to work, and at work remained for some months without intermission. Presently, however, there came a change. We were applied to by an old friend for legal help in investigating a claim upon considerable property held by the British crown, and which had belonged to some ancestor who had died intestate, and whose heirs had not, so far, been found. The case for our friend was a tolerably good one, but much depended upon a lawyer from this side going to England to work it up. The choice of a lawyer for such a mission fell on me. Payment was liberal; and, in short, if I succeeded, I should be rich enough to venture upon matrimony without further delay. All this was talked over at home, and I finally decided upon the journey. There were some tears, much long-drawn leave-taking, all of which may be passed over. I may only mention that on finally parting with Jack on board the New York steamer, I bid him hope for the best in respect to Kitty. "She will be kinder to you some day, Jack," said I. "And meanwhile run over to —— as often as you have a chance, and keep up Myra's spirits whenever you can;" which he promised to do.

Once in England, the case in my charge prospered, though slowly. But at last I once again set foot in New York, having earned my money and my wife. Hurrying on at once to Connecticut, I got to ——, just ten miles from home, too late for any conveyance, and too tired to walk on, as ordinarily I should have done at once. It was very vexatious; but a night at a hotel was the only choice, and so I proceeded to the reading-room. One cigar, I thought, and then for the Land of Nod. So I took a chair pleasantly situated just under the hotel piazza, which was tolerably full on this August night. How strange it seemed to be there! Home, nearly—a home full of visions of happiness, beside which all the scenes through which I had passed faded into nothing. Suddenly a name struck my ear, and brought me back to the world of realities. Could it be Myra's name? Impossible! Could it be that one of a group of young men sitting on the piazza almost at my elbow could be talking of her? I listened intently, and soon found that it was her of whom he was speaking.

"Ah! she's a splendid girl," pursued the unknown—"so amiable and clever!"

Well, thought I, no harm in that; in fact it's rather gratifying than otherwise.

"That's a fact," said another. "I wish I was the lucky fellow that is to marry her. I often see her when she is walking out alone with Jack."

"He's always with her, isn't he?"

"Always. What a handsome fellow he is! She positively dotes on him. Our Carry was laughing about it the other day, and says the way she fondles him is quite absurd; though for my part I should not think it absurd if it were my case."

This was to me astounding! This of Myra; this of Jack! I was absolutely stunned, and quite at a loss what to think, say, or do. One impulse was to rush out and take somebody or other by the throat, and say he lied. My friend was a traitor, and my betrothed—ah! what should I call her? Perfidy and cruelty from them; unavailing grief and rage for me. How the rest of that night passed may be imagined by one of similar experience to mine, but by no one else.

Well, I got home next day, early. I was expected, of course; but they looked startled by my altered looks, which were haggard and miserable. Fatigue partly accounted for it, however; and the day passed over with the usual talk of those who return from journeys. As for the revelation of the night before, no one, not even Kitty, was to hear of that just yet. Of course Myra was spoken of; but, beyond an indifferent manner which suprised them, I received the information that we should meet at church next day without any betrayal of my feelings.

Next day, Sunday, was beautiful as mortal could wish; but the glories of nature had no charms for me. I had a task before me which threw me back upon myself, and closed my senses to all external things. What the task was I hardly knew. Something of it must be left to chance—at least there were two alternatives, either of which might be forced upon me. One was to tax Myra with her perfidy at once; the other was to cast her off without any explanation beyond that which her own conscience would furnish. Fate decided for me. We went to church. There, in her accustomed seat, was Myra; but I could not see her face from my position. There would be time enough when service was over. At last the time for dismissal came. She sat nearer the door than my folks, and when we got out was waiting in the porch with her father and mother. At that moment I made up my mind. As we approached she made a shy move forward, with hand extended and blushing face; and I drew myself up with all the haughtiness I could muster, looked her sternly straight in the eyes, and then, with a distant bow, passed her without a word. What followed among those others I do not know; for I walked away, and reached home in a sort of angry dream.

Of course my parents and sister showed great amazement when we met at dinner. No one, however, questioned me—all saw that I was in no mood for explanations. Only once or twice I saw Kitty furtively glancing at me with tears trembling on her eyelashes; but even she said never a word. There was something more to do before the full story was to be told. In the evening, it seemed, Jack was to be here. Well, so much the better. I would meet him on his way. He, at least, should be called to rough account. When the time came, therefore, I took my way along the road by which he must come, and about midway we met. Of course he came on with quickened steps and extended hand. I expected that, and was prepared for it. Seeing my wrathful, hostile look, he stopped short.

"Why, George!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? You look as if you wanted to offer me a fight instead of a welcome."

"Perhaps even that," I retorted. "How should I look when I hoped to see a friend, and only meet a villain?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that you have robbed and betrayed me. Why have you done this? You might have trusted me with all you have or hold dear—with your very life itself—and I would have been true to you as steel. And what do I find is your faith, your integrity? You have been as cruel as false, and you shall answer it."

"George, are you mad, or only drunk?"

"Neither, as you will find. Do not add hypocrisy to the wrong which you have already done me."

"Look here, George; these are hard words, and need explaining. You are evidently laboring under some monstrous delusion. What it is I can not guess. But you must not insult me."

"John Downing, I have but one word. It is this. If I could stand with you opposite at twelve paces' distance, and only our pistols' muzzles between us, it would be the happiest moment of my life."

He started as if I had struck him. Then he said, very gravely, "If you doubt my courage, I may even grant you that happy moment. But now I think we had better say no more. I can not allow the friendship of a lifetime to be broken without knowing why. And now you are too excited to speak reasonably. Will you write to me in a few hours, or shall I write to you?"

But I turned and left him; and as I did so I heard his footsteps rapidly receding. And yet, now that he had gone, I felt as weary as revengeful. Weary of life, of every thing. What should I do? Where go? I could not return home at once; there would be too many prying eyes striving to read what was now a deadly secret. Besides, I must so arrange matters that my threats should bear their necessary fruit. So I turned back once more, and walked slowly for some distance, reflecting deeply. Presently I turned off from the road, and threw myself down on the side of a little mound, upon whose top waved a few trees, and from which on the other side the ground sloped again. Here in the long grass I lay an hour or more, until at last I felt calm enough to go home, and collected enough to arrange what next was to be done. And I half rose to go. But footsteps and a voice stopped me—light footsteps rustling among the fallen leaves, a voice whose music I knew, alas! too well. I could not face her. I must keep still until she had passed. She came nearer and nearer, and at length, to my great vexation, paused on the further slope, and, as I could distinguish, sat down. Had I a right to stay and listen? "No matter," I thought; "I will."

"Let us sit down here, Jack," she said, "and talk over our troubles;" and her words nearly drove me mad, though I held my peace. "Jack," she continued, and I heard her voice tremble—"oh, Jack! he was so long away, and I thought he was never coming back any more; and there was no one but you to love. I am very, very miserable."

How I strained my ears for the villain's reply. But he was silent.

"Oh," cried she, "what shall I do, what shall I do?" And still I listened, while she sobbed bitterly, "Oh, Jack! dear Jack! why are you silent, when you love me so much, and I—"

But I had heard enough. I was frantic. "Madam," I shouted, springing to my feet, and rushing to where she sat—"madam, your falsity, your baseness, are known to me."

She was now alone. That did not deceive me. She screamed, and made as though she would fly had not her terror held her fast.

"Where is your companion?" I demanded. "Has he fled from me, or is he skulking away from the anger that he has aroused?"

Oh, I was eloquent, you may be sure. No reproaches seemed bitter enough; and all the while she sat, pale as ashes and silent as death. But I paused when I found that she had fainted. This sobered me a little. I began to feel that I was something of a brute, and to desire to atone for my violence; at the same time I tried all I could to restore her, at last with success. As she came to herself slowly, but with closed eyes, she whispered, faintly:

"Was it a horrible dream? Was it George's voice I heard? was it George I saw before me?"

As she recovered I fell back into, not now a violent, but a scornful manner. "What you heard *was* my voice," said I. "You heard me denounce conduct so dishonorable, so— But I have no words to express all that my feelings dictate. There is but this that I would say to you: go, madam! Go to the consoler of your sorrow in my absence. Go to that friend of mine who is friend no more."

"'Consoler,' 'friend?'" she faltered, vacantly.

"Yes. Go to your lover—he is no doubt at hand. You are worthy of each other," I answered, turning on my heel contemptuously.

"Stay," said she, eagerly; "you have spoken words to me that must, henceforth, make us strangers. That you are under some strange delusion I can not help. But I demand the explanation to which I have a right, unless you would earn the contempt due to liars and slanderers. What is it that you mean? Of what do you accuse me?"

"Listen, then," said I. "It was but yesterday that I came home, after an absence during which your image was always with me, and the prospect of my return the only joy I had. Judge how this prospect brightened with every day of my journey hither. Judge how I—"

"Sir," she interrupted, "spare me the infliction of any further rhapsody. It is entirely out of place."

"True," said I, scornfully, "it *is* out of place. Enough, then, that in one moment all my hopes were dashed to the earth, and I found that I had been betrayed. I learned that you had become false. I learned that one more favored than I had been your constant companion, and possessed your whole affection."

"And who is this favored lover of mine who has taught me to be so base?"

"Can you ask me without a blush? Did I not hear you, even but a few minutes ago—even on this very spot—use toward him terms of endearment, of love?"

I expected her almost to sink with shame, for she had been so completely detected. Judge of my amazement when she burst into a wild, painfully wild, peal of laughter, again and again repeated, then wept passionately, and then laughed again until she was fairly convulsed with hysterical agony.

"Oh, you will kill me, you will kill me!" she almost screamed. "Oh, Jack, Jack! what have you done to this poor fellow? What atonement can you offer to my poor George?"

"Ah! you have the name pat enough," I began. But she suddenly stooped to where her shawl lay upon the grass, and lifted something like a bundle.

"Here, Mr. Rayner, is your rival. Permit me to introduce to your notice my very dear friend and companion—truer to his mistress than you, Sir—my own darling Jack."

And it was a little terrier of the likeness and similitude of a mop that met my astonished gaze as she held it out to me.

And so it turned out that I had made a fool of myself, and deserved to be kicked from one end of the county to the other. How degraded I felt! What excuse could I offer for my idiotic brutality? None. And I ran away without another word, leaving her silent and alone. But she forgave me soon after, as did also Jack the biped, though both laughed at me for many a year. They kept the secret, however; and it is only now, that Myra and I have long been married and settled, with Jack and Kitty for near neighbors, and that there are little people about both houses who will have lovers some day, and marry and settle too, that I write for the amusement and warning of them all the story of how I quarreled with Jack.

CANADIAN TYPES.

It has been said that the typical Canadian is, physically and mentally, an Englishman in process of transition into an American. In traveling through Canada you see the physical process of transition in all its several stages. By a rough generalization it may be said that you find the European types least changed near the ocean, and more Americanized the farther you go to the west. Thus, to the Canadian long settled in extreme Western Canada, the remark that there is an outwardly evident difference in physique between the British subjects and the republicans on the continent, will hardly apply. It would indeed be pushing our theory rather far to claim that in Canada, side by side with the Americanization of English physical qualities, the Americanization in mental qualities also goes on with such an even progress that "concomitant variations" between the two are to be easily traced; but it is perfectly certain that just as, on the whole, the average Canadian looks to the eye about half English and half American, so is the general character of the Canadian people a sort of mean between the widely different characters of the two other kindred peoples. A brighter and more quick-witted man, more venturesome and of bolder enterprise, than the Englishman seen at home, the Canadian is a butt for American scorn on account of his slowness and caution, his easy, sleepy, dull contentment. "Those poor Cannots," Americans call the people of Canada.

But along with this English heavy, solid slowness has gone not a little of those mental gifts which are a set-off for the dreadful dullness—a safe, sound thoughtfulness. There is very striking testimony to this in Mr. Fraser's report on American education, all the more striking because he starts no theory on the matter, does not enlarge on it at all, but simply notes the facts he observed. "To set off against their quickness, I heard many random answers in American schools; while, *per contra*, to the slowness of the Canadian scholar I seldom got a reply very wide of the mark. The whole teaching was homely, but it was sound." The Assistant-Commissioner further compares the "life, the motion, the vivacity, the precision, in a word, the brilliancy," of the American education, with the "plain, unpretending power," the "thoroughness and solid results," of the Canadian—mentioning how each harmonizes with the character of its own people—and again, in the easy, free, discursive style of this remarkable report, how the Canadian system reminds him of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, and the vicar's wife's gown, both chosen by their possessors "not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well."

AUTUN.

AUTUN, the head-quarters of **GARIBALDI** and his army of sharp-shooters, of which we give a sketch on page 89, is one of the most ancient towns in France. Called by the Gauls Bibracte, under the Roman occupation it was named Augustodunum, which was afterward shortened into Autun. Thus numerous interesting monuments of the Cæsarian age are extant here, and not only are the remains of the old Roman fortifications and of a spacious amphitheatre plainly visible, but the Cathedral is still called the Temple of Janus, from a supposition that a temple dedicated to the double-faced god had once stood there. The French forces here, under the apt leadership of that inimitable guerrilla, **GARIBALDI**, have caused a great deal of annoyance to the German troops, who have as yet found unusual difficulties in advancing toward Autun, and have several times been obliged to retreat. The hostility of the priests, who can not forgive **GARIBALDI** for his work in Italy, has, however, greatly impeded his operations.

A SUTTEE IN SUNNY ITALY.

THE banks of the Arno have just witnessed a ceremony whose very name kindles in our imaginations the weird and awful flames that rise on the sacred but gloomy shores of the Ganges to wrap in one red winding-sheet the dead and the living.

A suttee without a widow to burn may be considered, however, like the play of "Hamlet" minus the rôle of the prince; and yet, surely, no American reader will regret this deficiency in the spectacle any more than those did who witnessed it in Florence.

Rajah Murahaja de Kolapore, for whom these strange fires were lighted, was a young prince, hardly twenty years of age, but possessing vast estates and an important dominion in India. He was traveling to complete his education, and, too heedless of the unaccustomed severity of the northern winter, had ventured to cross the Alps, and, while skating at Innsbruck, was seized with mortal disease. He was hurried south by his attendants, but was only able to reach Florence, where he died in a few days after his arrival.

The denial of Christian burial in a foreign land seems the extremest expression of harsh unkindness; yet it is not always easy to put one's self in another's place; and it is quite possible that, even in free America, some conscientious scruples might be roused in the selectmen of a New England village by a proposal to erect a pagan altar and funeral pile on their church green. There were, of course, some among the Florentine authorities to raise objections to the petition of the prince's suit for their accustomed rites; but these were overruled; and, whether their tolerance were given or bought, it is pleasant—is it not?—to think that the young rajah was decently burned with all the ceremonies demanded by his religion.

By desire of the mourners, perhaps, and also, no doubt, to avoid the collection of too great a crowd for public order, the expected performance was kept as secret as possible, and its time was fixed at midnight of the day of death; but, notwithstanding this, and though the night was dark, and the *tramontana*—the cold wind from the mountains—was blowing sharply, great numbers gathered at the appointed hour in the Cascine, the beautiful park of Florence, where a pile of solid wood, about four feet high, had been erected close to the river's bank. Among the crowd were many strangers visiting the city, and a few ladies. The city police were present, but were hardly needed to preserve order in the throng, who, awed by the strangeness of the occasion, awaited in silence the arrival of the funeral train. It was not long before the distant sound of wheels broke the stillness, and the short cortége drew near through the darkness: first the omnibus of the hotel, bearing the dead prince and his Hindoo suit, and, following it, a few carriages, with a deputation from the civil authorities. Carefully taking the body of their prince from the omnibus, the Hindoos bore it through the crowd, which opened to admit them, and laid it upon the ground beside the pile. Then, by the torches which blazed around, it was seen to be regally robed in a mantle of scarlet cloth richly embroidered with gold; heavy golden bracelets glittered on the arms, and a necklace of large pearls encircled the throat. On the head was an embroidered turban, with jeweled decorations, expressing the exalted rank of the prince. All this magnificence was to perish with him.

A white-robed Brahmin advanced to the prostrate figure, and, placing a betel-nut between the cold lips, chanted a monotonous prayer, with strange gesticulation, while the attendants spread great quantities of camphor and shavings of sandal-wood upon the pile. Then, reverently raising their dead prince, they laid him on his fragrant couch, and placed beside him a consecrated cake to serve as sustenance for his spirit on its long journey. After sprinkling the body with perfume, they almost covered it with the aromatic gum; and wood was then arranged about it, in such a manner as to completely inclose and cover without touching it. Bundles of fagots were heaped over all; and at last, after a short and solemn pause, two of the attendants advanced with torches and set fire to the pile. Instantly the flames streamed up so bright and fierce that the crowd shrank back, as if Brahma himself had appeared to manifest his acceptance of the rite. The air became filled with pungent, spicy odors, as some of the Indians continued to feed the flames with the precious gums, while others bore the plank on which the body of their prince had briefly rested to the river's brink, and cast it into the Arno, where it fell with a heavy plash. The fires streamed higher and fiercer, lighting up the weird picture, and making strong Rembrandtesque effects in the strange figures that gathered round it, the crowd outside, and the dark groves beyond. The crowd remained a few minutes more, awe-struck by the scene; and then, gradually discovering that they were chilled through, slowly dispersed; but no one who witnessed that ceremony will ever forget it.

The Indians remained, feeding the fire until the morning. It was then extinguished, and the ashes of the prince were collected with religious care in a porcelain vase, to be carried to India, with his heart, which had been taken out before the burning: and all to be thrown into the Ganges, whose sacred waters will purify them from all remaining stains of earth, and insure the soul they once enshrined an endless succession of happy years.

All that remained of the pile was thrown into the Arno, and a visit to the Cascine the next day showed nothing left to mark the spot but some fresh earth carefully spread in the form of a heart, surrounded by little vases of rice, to ward off evil influences from the place. The Indians had gone, bearing the sacred ashes with them; and will, no doubt, carry to the mourning relations and subjects of the prince exalted praises of the respect shown him in a land of strangers. During all his short illness the religious rites by which they hoped to assist the treatment of his physicians were freely observed. A lamb and several fowl were sacrificed in the court of the hotel, and domestic animals were kept around his bed to draw upon themselves his disease. These were thrown into the court-yard after his death, that they might not spread its contagion. All this will be very comforting to his friends in India; and they will rejoice, above all, to know that the last solemn ceremonies of their religion were all performed for him—all, at least, but one!

Besides six hundred thousand subjects, the young rajah left behind him two wives to weep over his departure, and now over his death. Poor little wives! only ten and fifteen years of age. *Do* they weep, and were they dreaming fondly of the soft dark eyes of their handsome prince, or only of the coral beads he would bring them from Naples, and the toys from Germany? And what will become now of the poor little widows? There are some insatiable excitement-seekers in Florence who insist that at least one of them, the latest married and best beloved, will be burned also, as a testimony of the affection of her departed husband, who pines for her, even in the bowers of Vishnu. But there are limits even to the golden rule of religious toleration, and, under the British dominion of India, it no longer extends to the burning of widows. We will hope, then, that the tears of the dark-eyed beauties will be dried by a gentler flame than the funeral fires of their lost rajah.

SCHOOL-BOYS' HOBBIES.

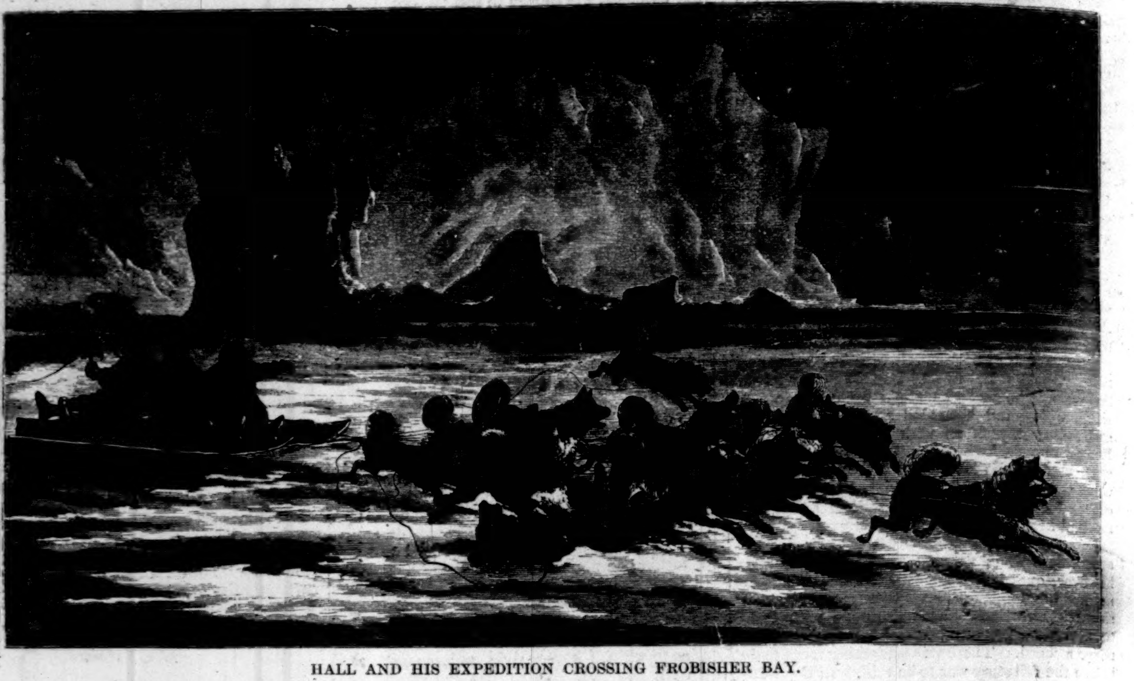
SCHOOL-BOYS always have some particular hobby for each half, and always bring it home with them. Sometimes the mania is for cricket or foot-ball, fishing or boating. I have known of a passion for ferrets which was very trying to the other members of the family, to say nothing of eager collectors of birds' eggs or butterflies. A fresh-water aquarium is a fine invention for making a mess of a boy's clothes and filling the house with small, slimy monsters; but, on the whole, speaking individually, playing the banjo is the most distressing taste for a school-boy to bring into the bosom of his family. The only comfort is that there are intervals of respite from the dreary thrumming while the banjo is being warmed by the fire; for happily the parchment of this cheap instrument stretches so much as to be useless, or rather harmless, unless it be constantly contracted by heat. This banjo of my acquaintance, therefore, passed quite half its time silently reclining on the hearth-rug before the fire, while its joyous owner watched impatiently for it to be in a fit state to resume the interrupted melody of "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," which, I may mention here, is the most wearisome of tunes.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

ARCTIC MOONLIGHT.



HALL AND HIS EXPEDITION CROSSING FROBISHER BAY.

CHAPTER I.

The Mysterious Polar Sea.—Efforts of Explorers to reach it.—What was done by the Pioneer Voyagers.—The Romance of Arctic Adventure.

ALMOST as broad as the Atlantic, deeper, perhaps, than the volcanic bed of the Pacific, the polar ocean has defied from the beginning of history the curiosity of the mariner. Corinthian trireme or Tyrian bark never approached its icy barrier. The viking turned aside from its boisterous outlets. No Venetian argosy nor Hanseatic galiot gathered its teeming wealth; no companion of Cortéz or Da Gama stood upon its stormy peaks. The sailors of Holland, in the maturity of their maritime vigor, were repelled by its perpetual gloom; the followers of Davis and Frobisher shrank from the icebergs of the north. In our own age a throng of brave discoverers have striven to pierce the icy bulwark that rises in vast masses around the circuit of the polar sea, to climb over the endless waste of floating glaciers, to penetrate the narrow outlets, to traverse the dismal waste of Greenland, or ride from Spitzbergen to the pole. But all have been unsuccessful. Twice only have human eyes beheld the shores and the inhabitants of the mysterious sea. From two tall peaks that rise, bare and disheveled, near the utmost verge of solid land, two observers saw the waves swelling far away toward the pole, and beheld before them the end of the habitable globe.

It is asserted and believed that the warm current of the Gulf Stream spreads around the coast of Nova Zembla, and, bearing with it the heat of the tropics, penetrates the barrier of ice beyond Spitzbergen, and diffuses itself in the polar basin. A temperate climate follows the intrusive river. The arctic rigors relent; an uninterrupted flow of billows and breakers rolls over the northern pole; the ice-bound sea is filled with warmth and life; unnumbered flocks of birds build on its rugged cliffs; a boundless wealth of sea-monsters multiply in its safe shelter; gay flowers adorn the crevices of its rocks; auroral lights flash through its long night; its brief day invites the migratory throngs; and, possibly, in some undiscovered island of its mysterious depths some human tenants live, undisturbed by the fierce passions of the outer world, pursue the chase of the walrus or the seal in peace, and wonder when the tepid stream brings to their shores the fragments of shattered ships and lost armadas, and the rare traces of the civilization and the sorrows of a milder clime.

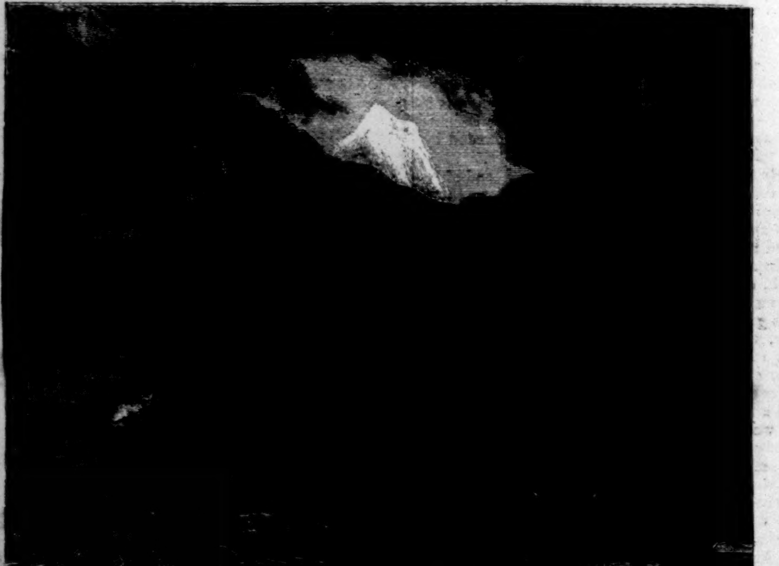
Such is the vision of a polar sea that has stirred the fancies of the most successful of modern discoverers. Yet it can scarcely be said to have been verified. The last great mystery of navigation is only so far unfolded as to awaken an entrancing interest, and lie shrouded in an alluring obscurity. Men of science have stood on the brink of the signal discovery, and then been driven back by an impenetrable barrier, when only a few miles of travel have separated them from the object of their search. Accomplished seamen have nearly pierced the straits that open into the polar world; Parry rode upon the ice from Spitzbergen until he was swept back by the descending current. Franklin perished at the gates of the open sea; Kane had nearly reached its savage shores; Hayes saw its waves swell beneath him. Nor can it be wondered that the ardor of discoverers rises high as they survey the rapid progress of previous explorers, and reflect that only a few miles of storm-tossed waters separate them from the polar main.

MIDNIGHT SUN OFF SPITZBERGEN.

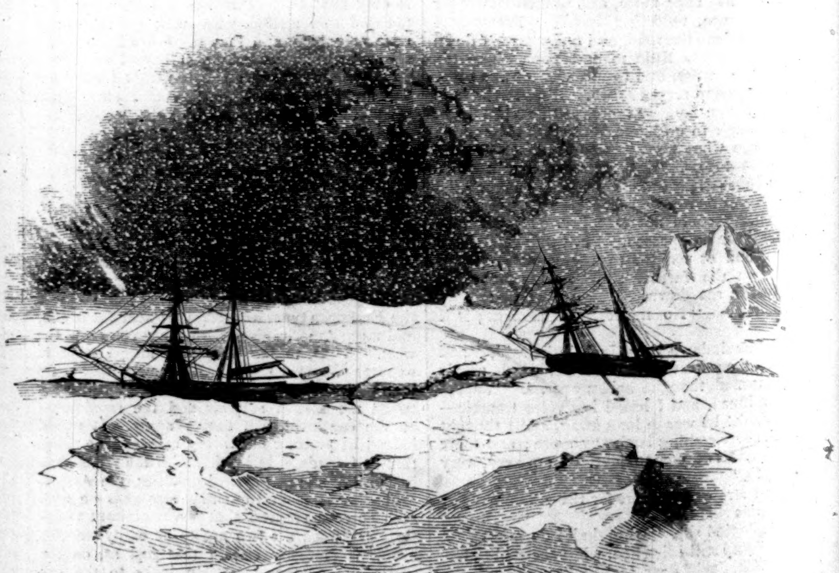
Three methods of approach have allured the discoverers of more than three centuries, but have still eluded their research. Hudson attempted to sail directly forward over the northern pole, and thus unite the two hemispheres. The Elizabethan voyagers, to coast along the upper shores of Asia and America, and open a pathway through the southern waters of the polar sea. But it was found that each route was equally impracticable. To the east a wall of tempest-tossed ice clung to the northern coast of Asia. The short summer scarcely sufficed to temper the wintry rigor of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; the Asiatic sea was hidden in a perpetual gloom, from which even the Samoiede shrank in horror, and in a degree of cold that in winter drove the bear and the reindeer to a less rigid clime. Ships, mariners, and famous navigators perished, or were driven back hopelessly disabled from the endless glacier that enfolds the upper coast of Asia.

Nor has the western route proved more accessible. A net-work of islands, channels, and floating fields of ice lies in the path of the explorer. Overtaken by the swift approach of the wintry night, a series of brilliant leaders, the knight-errants of arctic discovery, have found themselves entangled in narrow inlets and frozen bays, and have vainly struggled to press onward to an open sea. Here Franklin perished with all his brave companions. Here, on the tortuous coast of North America, Back, Ross, M'Clintock, and a long succession of practiced seamen, have proved by their sufferings and their achievements the dangers of the western passage. It seems, indeed, scarcely credible that a safe outlet can ever be found along this iron coast from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or that the sounds, the islands, and the stormy bays will ever afford a pathway to the polar sea.

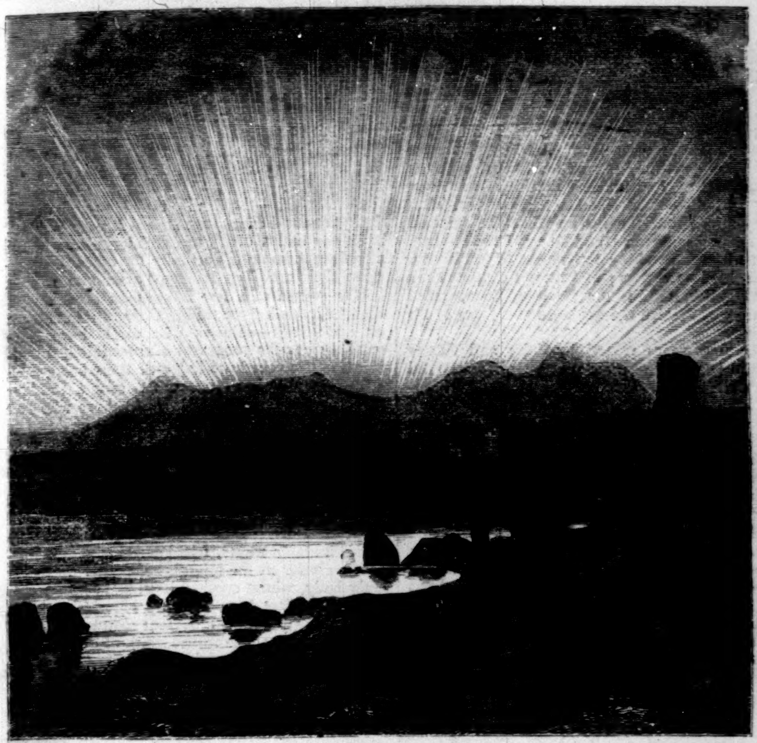
The third method remains, first attempted by the daring Hudson. The explorer must sail directly northward to the pole. Baffin Bay, a huge waste of waters, leads upward along the coast of Greenland; and at its upper extremity a narrow strait or sound points with alluring directness to the interior sea. Smith's Sound, as it is called, seems the very gateway to the unknown world. On the one side lies the coast of Greenland, reaching far away into the solitude of the north; on the other, a waste of desert islands. Its upper outlet, called Kennedy's Channel, opens amidst a solemn realm that has never been explored. Smith's Sound has been the favorite scene of American discovery. Kane passed two nights by its side; from a rugged peak on its eastern shore Morton saw an ocean stretching before him; Hayes followed in Kane's track, and from another peak beheld once more the open



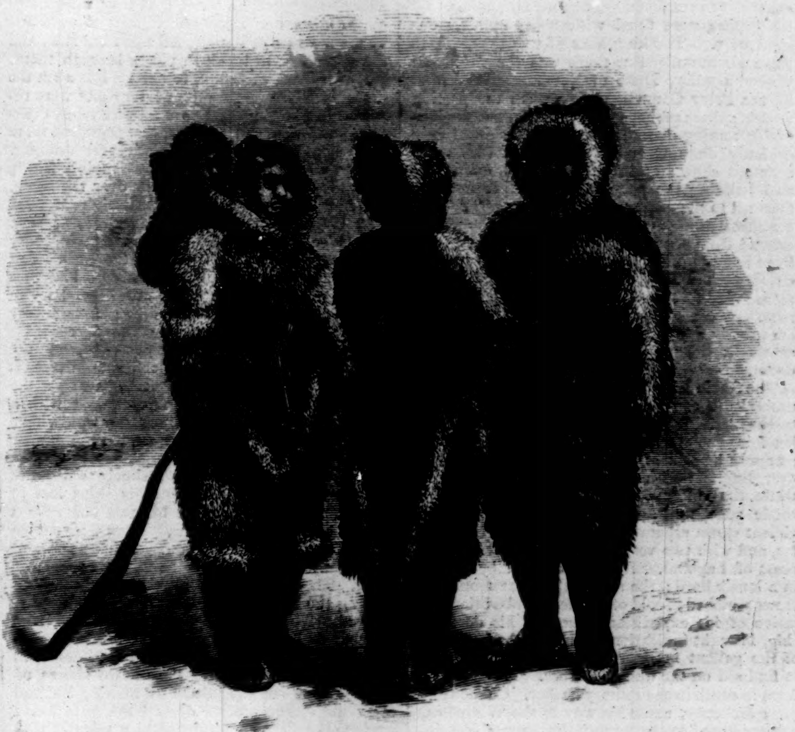
A GLIMPSE OF JAN MAYEN'S ISLAND.



DRIFTING IN THE ICE.



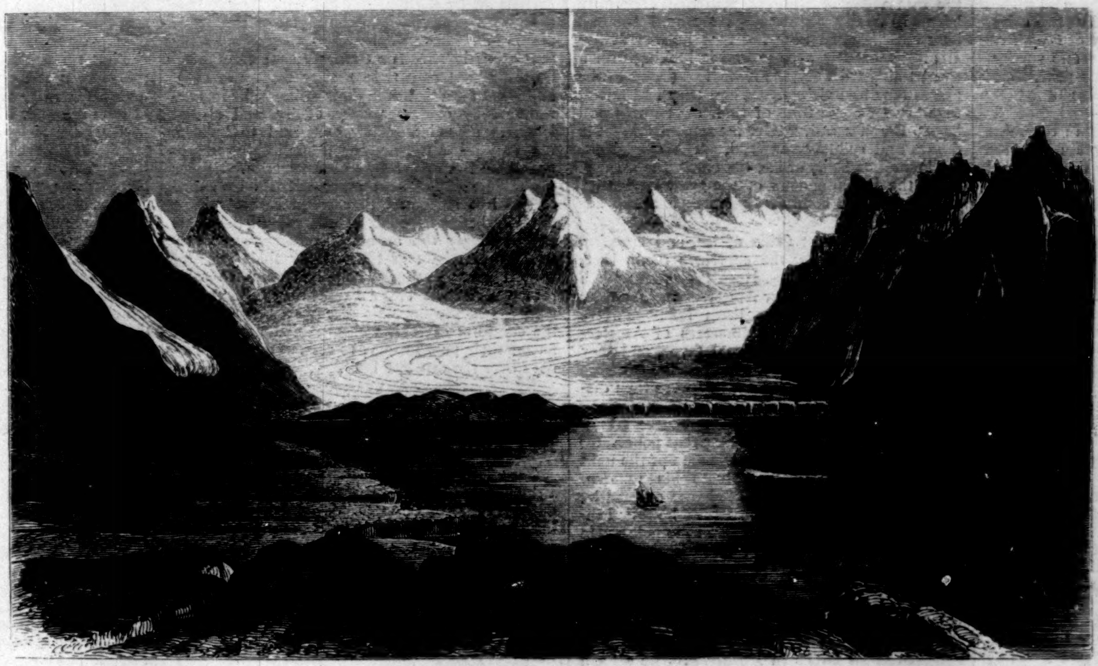
AURORA SEEN ON THE NORWAY COAST.



ARCTIC CLOTHING.

sea, The most northern point of land seen by human eyes is a projecting pile of rocks, washed by the polar wave, called Cape Union; on the shores of the unknown ocean lie Grinnell's Land and Washington, the farthest limits of the arctic world. Kane and Hayes have outstripped all their competitors in their progress toward the north; their countrymen may be the first to pass over the northern pole.

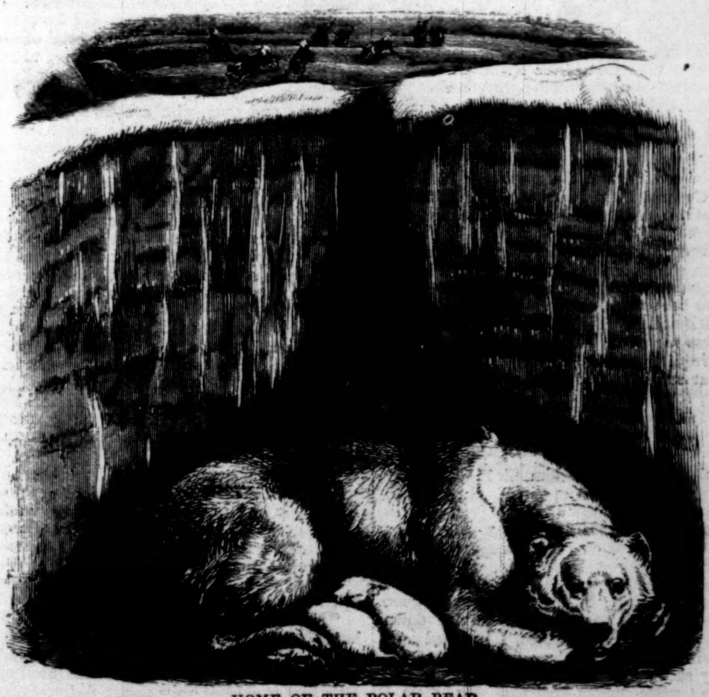
One doubt still disturbs the ardent explorer: it may prove that the new channel is only the prolongation of a bay, and that Washington and Grinnell's Land join in an icy continent extending over the fancied main. But to this suggestion is opposed the swift, strong current of the sound, the rush of floating ice from the north, the careful studies of Kane and Hayes, and their long and dangerous exploration of the opposite shores. Washington and Grinnell's Land seem parted by a rushing river, along whose melting waters in spring a mild north wind sweeps from the polar sea; the landmarks of Cape Union and Cape Constitution direct the path of the explorer; the wild storms that sweep over Smith's Strait, with its bands of ice, may yet be eluded; it will not be impossible, it is argued, for a skillful navigator to coast along the desolate shore, and ride safely beneath its frowning cliffs.



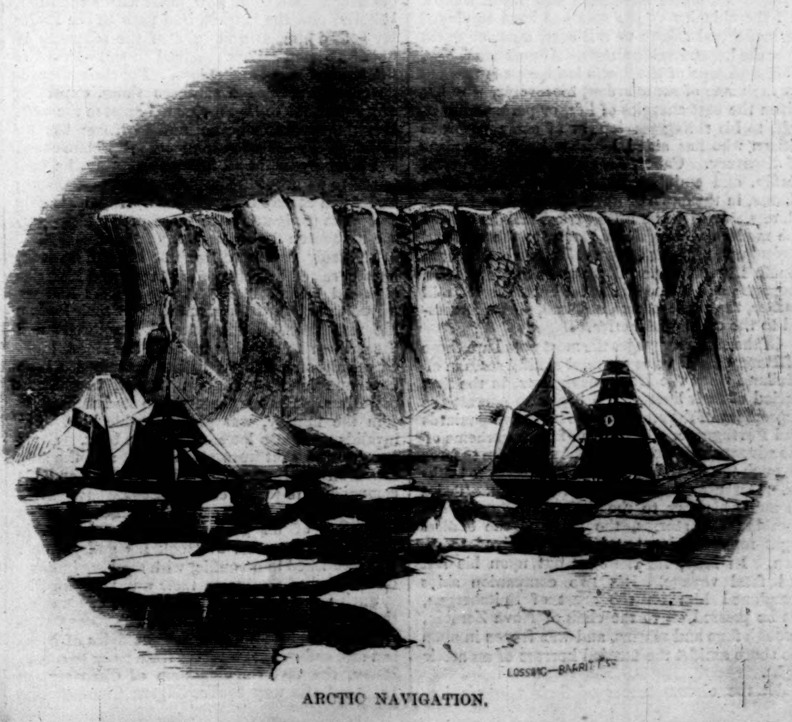
MAGDALENA BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

The Cabots first suggested the exploration of the northern seas; they contended that a pathway might be found to the Indies shorter and less difficult than that around the Cape of Good Hope. English traders and navigators eagerly accepted the theory, and the new field of discovery was entered upon with an enthusiasm that has never died. London, in 1553, was full of the novel excitement. The most important, if not the earliest, of the arctic voyages was about to set sail for the northern shores of Russia and Cathay. Trade had been stagnant; English merchants complained that their wares would not sell, even when they carried them to the very wharves of their ancient customers; and they resolved to seek for new scenes of commerce. A company had been formed, capital secured in moderate shares, three ships built with singular care for the arctic exploration, and at the head of the expedition was placed the valiant and noble Sir Hugh Willoughby, the most trust-worthy sailor of his day. Many others had sought the appointment, but the wise and careful merchants would have none for their admiral but the renowned Sir Hugh. Richard Chancellor commanded one of the ships—a man so eminent for his virtues that his friend, Henry Sidney, in a fine oration, presented him to the assembled company as worthy of the highest authority and esteem. Sidney promised that the nobility would favor the enterprise; he urged the merchants to remember how many dangers Chancellor was to encounter for their sakes and his country's love; what wild seas he was to enter; what barbarous races to visit; how he had placed life itself at hazard, while they sat calmly at home.

On the 10th of May, 1553, the ships dropped down the Thames. The captains and mariners had parted with tears from their wives, their children, their relations, and their friends. The wharves and shores were covered with people; and as the great ships, towed by boats and oars—the sailors clad in new blue jackets—passed slowly in front of the palace at Greenwich, where the gentle King Edward lay on his bed of death, their cannon roared over the quiet water, and echoed from the neighboring hills. All the court



HOME OF THE POLAR BEAR.



ARCTIC NAVIGATION.

came out to see them. The roof and terraces of the palace were filled with noble and famous spectators. The king himself was too weak to leave his room. But there was the stern and wicked Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and all the Privy Council, gazing upon the parting vessels; there perhaps was Cranmer, unconscious of his coming doom; there the thoughtful eyes of Lady Jane Grey may have looked on the splendid show; and from every hill, eminence, and building the people in eager throngs bade farewell to the adventurous mariners. The sailors cheered, the multitude replied, the cannon re-echoed from the shore; and thus, in a magnificent triumph, the valiant Sir Hugh was conducted down the Thames, and his tall and stately form faded forever from the eyes of his countrymen.

Scarcely a year had passed before the chief actors in the pageant had shared a common doom.

The feeble King Edward died in July; Northumberland, convicted of many crimes, perished on the scaffold; the accomplished Lady Jane and her fair young husband met the same fate; Cranmer was burned at the stake; and Mary ruled over England with relentless severity. Meanwhile the ships proceeded prosperously to the arctic zone, until, off the coast of Norway, a violent storm separated Sir Hugh from Chancellor, and with two vessels he made his way to the coast of Lapland. He was inclosed by the ice in a lonely fiord; the arctic night came on; his crews perished of cold or disease; and a brief narrative of his expedition, found in his deserted ship, brought indications to England of the fate of the gallant mariner, and of his vain efforts to find aid on the desolate shore. He probably froze to death in the solitary harbor. Chancellor, more fortunate, made his way to the White Sea, was presented to the mighty Emperor of Russia, and laid the foundations of a lucrative trade.

Three centuries later the arctic mystery was still unsolved, and Sir John Franklin, the most eminent of modern explorers, disappeared from sight, like Sir Hugh Willoughby, in a daring effort to discover a western passage. In May, 1845, he had set sail, attended by the good wishes of his sovereign and her people. His two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were provided with all the appliances of comfort for an arctic voyage. He had a long experience in polar navigation, which his predecessor, Sir Hugh, had wholly wanted; and it might well be hoped that the accomplished sailor who embarked in the reign of Victoria, surrounded by every aid that the science and wealth of her mighty empire could give him, would have a happier fate than his who was sustained alone by the humble resources of the reign of Edward VI. But years passed away, and no tidings came of the lost expedition. The whole civilized world was filled with anxious interest. A series of brilliant expeditions were sent out by England and the United States in search of the eminent discoverer. The arctic coasts of America were explored with wonderful vigor and endurance; a fleet of vessels entered the sounds and straits of the icy world; Ross and Kane, M'Clintock and M'Clure, the gallant Frenchman Bellot, and a throng of their heroic associates, strove in vain to penetrate to the last retreat of Franklin, to rescue him from arctic bondage, or discover traces of his mysterious doom. At length, after more than ten years of incessant effort, beneath a lofty cairn of stones on King William's Land a document was found relating the death of the explorer, and indicating that the survivors of his crews had wandered away to the shores of America in search of aid. Like the companions of Sir Hugh Willoughby, they perished in the vain attempt; and except the narrative of Franklin's death, the only accounts we have of their wanderings are the traditions of the Esquimaux, who saw them fall down, one by one, on their desolate way. Not a man survived of all the brilliant company to tell how frost, disease, famine, or the spears of the savage natives had destroyed the rest.

In the interval of three centuries between the death of Willoughby and that of Franklin the passion for arctic adventure has never waned. All the chivalry of the seas has been employed in ineffectual efforts to sail east, west, or north over the impenetrable waters. Almost every bay, cliff, and cape of the arctic landscape is marked by the name of some ardent discoverer, who has given the best energies of life, or perhaps life itself, to his ruling passion, or of some generous citizen who has aided by liberal gifts the plans of discovery. Cabot, Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and eminent London or Holland merchants, in the dawn of navigation, led on the explorers. Thrice the little bark *Sunshine* carried the modern viking, John Davis, to the coast of Greenland, until, as early as 1587, he had entered Baffin Bay, and opened the path to the western passage; and thrice Frobisher encountered, still earlier, the arctic storms, and had, perhaps, crossed to the coast of America.

Of the eastern voyages the most noted are those of Barentz. He was the most skillful seaman of Holland when the Dutch navigators, in the first period of their liberty, had begun to contest the supremacy of the seas with the haughty Spaniards and Portuguese. It was the favorite scheme of the adventurous merchants of Amsterdam to force through the Arctic Ocean a new pathway to Cathay. Barentz was their favorite captain. Twice he made his way to the dreary coasts of Nova Zembla; the storms, the ice, and the endless night repelled him, but he was resolved to return. In May, 1596, he set out upon his last and fatal voyage. His two companion ships abandoned him on the coast of Spitzbergen, yet he pressed on to the cliffs of Nova Zembla, through fogs and storms, and was frozen in upon the shore amidst the untried horrors of an arctic night.

All the circumstances of their winter's imprisonment were as terrible as they were novel to the distressed mariners. Their ship, raised by the pressure of the ice, fell upon her side, and seemed ready to break in pieces beneath them. They resolved, therefore, to build a hut upon the shore, in which to pass the winter; and were rejoiced to find the coast covered with trees, drifted from Muscovy or Tartary, that promised them a supply of fuel as well as materials for building. In the midst of intense cold and the rapidly fading light they dragged their timber over the snow, sometimes for many miles, and slowly proceeded with their painful labors. At length the rude hut was completed, and they removed their scanty stores of wine and provisions to the land. But the sun, their last source of pleasure, had now abandoned them; the snow was heaped up in huge masses over their dwelling; their scanty fires scarcely warmed them; the fierce polar bears, unacquainted with man, beset them in the gloom, and even strove to enter the hut; disease and death came upon the little company; yet the brave sailors celebrated Twelfth Night with a feast of fritters cooked in oil, as they would have done in happy Holland, and elected the gunner king of Nova Zembla.

As the solemn gloom began slowly to disperse in the spring, Barentz, finding his ships lost in the ice, resolved to prepare his two boats for a voyage over the stormy seas. They were drawn upon the shore and refitted. The sailors had now grown so feeble as to be hardly capable of labor. Their lingering strength scarcely sufficed to drag the boats to the water. Hope, however, revived. They had now some faint prospect of escape; and on the 14th of June, 1597, the survivors of the party set sail from Nova Zembla in their two frail vessels for the distant shores of Russia. The sea was filled with floating ice, and often the violent storms dashed the little barks against the floes in so dreadful a manner that the hair of the crews would "stand on end." Night and day perpetual danger hovered over them. Often they crept upon the fields of ice to gain a transient rest, and slept on the frozen ocean. Many were sick, and were tenderly watched over by their companions. At last even the iron vigor of Barentz, who had cheerfully borne so many disasters, gave way. He had long been ill, and now felt that he was dying. His last moments were passed in looking over a chart which De Veer, his mate, had drawn of the places they had visited. When they had talked together for some time of their adventures and hopes, Barentz said, "Give me some drink." He drank, and suddenly expired. The open boat, the boundless fields of ice, the chart, the amazed crew, the last moments of the great navigator, form one of the sublimest pictures in arctic adventure.

Piercing the vast fields of ice, and creeping along stormy coasts, the survivors made their way to the White Sea. Here they met with a Dutch ship, and sailed for Amsterdam. All their countrymen had thought them lost. Twelve only survived. The burgomasters of Amsterdam received them with signal favor, and they gave a recital of their wonderful fortunes before the chief lords of the city. They were then dismissed with liberal rewards.

A river, the centre of the intercourse of nations, a bay, the most important that penetrates the western continent, bear the name of the next great navigator, and perpetuate his renown. Henry Hudson was all his life borne onward by the passion for discovery. In 1607 he sailed directly northward, hoping to reach the pole. He coasted along the shores of Greenland until he was stopped by the ice. He passed over to Spitzbergen, and still failed to pierce the constant barrier. He attempted the northeast passage in vain, and in a third voyage (1609) entered the calm waters of New York bay. A fourth voyage proved his last. In April, 1610, he set sail in a vessel of fifty-five tons, manned by a disorderly crew, who, when they first encountered the fogs and ice of Hudson's Straits, would have forced him to return. But he pressed on, and in bright sunlight of a fair day saw stretching before him the magnificent inland sea that bears his name. Hudson, now filled with exultation, believed that the long-desired path to the Indies lay before him, and in spite of the murmurs of his disaffected sailors resolved to sail onward to the land of gems and spices. For three months he coasted along the southern shore, expecting every moment to find a channel open to the east. But the winter came on, and in November his little vessel was frozen in upon the desolate coast. With scanty food and intense suffering, he contrived to wear out the season of frost and gloom; and when at last the summer liberated his ship the brave navigator once more prepared to pursue his search for an eastern passage.

Suddenly, one morning as he stepped on deck, he was seized by three of his crew, and his arms pinioned behind him. The mutineers had resolved to return to England without their leader. He remonstrated, commanded, implored; and then, when he saw that no hope remained, looked calmly on while the sailors launched a little boat and lowered Hudson into it, bound and powerless. His carpenter, who had refused to join the mutiny, was placed beside him. Six invalids were also lowered into the boat. Some powder and shot were given them, and the ship sailed off for England, leaving Hudson and his companions to perish on the desolate bay. They were never heard of again. Hudson died on the scene of his great discovery. A terrible retribution, however, overtook his guilty crew: some perished in a conflict with the Esquimaux; others died of famine on their way homeward.

Such were the sufferings and fate of some of the earlier explorers; of the more recent voyages, so filled with wonderful examples of heroism and endurance, we have little room to speak. Parry, the favorite champion of discovery, in 1818 led the way to Wellington Channel, and passed the winter in the midst of ice and darkness. Twice he returned to his favorite scene of adventures, and at last, in 1827, set out on a journey over the frozen sea from Spitzbergen, hoping to reach the pole. He was provided with two boats, on runners, laden with provisions. The ice, softened by rain, gave but a dangerous pathway; the men clambered over the rough surface, often on their hands and knees; yet for thirty-five days they moved northward over the fathomless sea, and reached the highest latitude (82° 40′ 30″) ever attained by a discoverer. But Parry found that the ice on which he traveled was moving southward, and he was forced to turn back without reaching the object of his hopes. It was his last voyage; and more fortunate than Willoughby, Barentz, or Hudson, he returned in safety to receive the applause and favor of his country.

The four years passed by John and James Ross in the arctic solitude, and their wonderful return (1833)—the land explorations of Richardson, Franklin, and Back, more terrible even than the labors of the sea—seemed to prepare the way for that wild ardor of adventure with which the best seamen of the age volunteered to hasten to the rescue of Franklin and his brave companions. In the year 1850 twelve ships had sailed on the charitable enterprise. Yet the search proved useless, and the sufferings of the officers and crews were often nearly fatal. On a chill day in September Captain Kennedy, shut in by a barrier of ice at Prince Regent's Inlet, ventured out with a party of four men to search for papers or relics on the frozen shores. They made no discoveries, and turned back toward their ship. In the interval broken masses of ice had filled the inlet, and they found themselves cut off from their companions in the midst of the gathering night. Meantime the floe on which they stood began to break in pieces; icebergs tossed against it, and the rapid tide shook it to the centre. They fled to the bleak shore, and passed the bitter night alternately walking to preserve life or sleeping an hour beneath their boat. In the morning, upon gazing eagerly toward the inlet, they could see no trace of their vessel, which had been carried off by the ice, and felt with dismay that they were abandoned in the midst of the arctic desolation. Happily, however, they found some provisions left by Sir James Ross; they fitted up their boat as a rude shelter from the cold, and lived for a month in their solitary abode, surrounded by endless wastes of ice, and almost hopeless of relief. They contrived to build a fire, and began to provide winter clothing to protect them from the rigors of the season. It was the middle of October; no news had been heard of the lost ship, and they could scarcely hope that she had escaped the icebergs and the floes. But suddenly the sound of well-known voices broke upon them as they sat by their cheerful fire; a party from the ship had come to their rescue under the brave Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, and the hopeless discoverers, restored to the comforts of their well-provided vessel, soon forgot their past misery, to set out on new journeys over the desolate land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KING WILLIAM AND "OUR FRITZ."

THE King of Prussia's letter to the Crown Prince, nominating him a Field Marshal, though dated the 28th of October, has only recently been published by the official *Staats Anzeiger*. It runs thus: "With the capitulation of Marshal Bazaine's army and the fortress of Metz, whereby both the hostile armies which in July of this year entered upon the present sanguinary war—one not, however, provoked by us—against the united forces of Prussia and Germany, have fallen as prisoners into our hands, so important a turning-point of it has arrived that I am induced to mark this event, in its entire gravity, by a special act. In promoting the success of our difficult task you have had throughout an important share, for you opened the campaign by two victories in rapid succession. The left flank of the main army was next covered by your strategic advance, so that it proceeded in security to the siege of Bazaine's army. You then, with your army division, joined the great army, in order to take part in the operations against Sedan, and to co-operate in the great results there obtained; and you have now, partly by fighting, effected the investment of Paris. All this put together indicates the great and successful general. To you, therefore, is due the highest step in military rank, and I accordingly nominate you a General Field Marshal. It is the first time that this distinction—which I also confer on Frederick Charles—has been enjoyed by princes of our house; but the successes which have hitherto been gained in this campaign reach a height and importance as to consequences to which there has been no precedent. What my fatherly heart feels at being able and bound in such a way to express to you my own and the Father-land's thanks requires no words.

"Your cordially loving and grateful father,
"WILLIAM."

DYING BY POISON.

"Is there any hope for him, Sir?"

"Hope? Yes, my man, there is always hope. Now, then, hold his head a little higher. That's right—steady!" And between my patient's set teeth I contrived to pour from a spoon a small quantity of a powerful stimulant, whose effect was almost magical, but at the same time strangely evanescent. For, in my capacity of surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, on service down South against the Confederates, I had had men brought in stricken down by a new enemy. Injuries by shot and shell, bayonet and sabre, and even the terrible strokes from galloping horses, I had dealt with daily, vainly struggling to combat the effects of the fearful butchery on all sides rife; but now that we had made a strategic movement, and were lying inactive, watching the opposite side, first one man and then another was brought in to the hospital tent, from outlying posts in some sterile, stony tract, to display nothing but two tiny punctures of the skin, now in the wrist, now in the leg; while one poor fellow had been lying down, and displayed his wounds in the cheek.

Rattlesnake—the deadly crotalus—a foe most dangerous and dread, to come as it were suddenly in our midst, often, too, striking men without affording them an opportunity for taking revenge upon their crawling, insidious assailant; so that in the course of a few hours men shrank with blanched cheek from taking their turn in rifle-pit or earth-work—soldiers who would have gone out boldly to the encounter of some inimical regiment. The very knowledge of there being such a deadly plague in our midst sent a shudder through the whole brigade; and those who had been in the habit of throwing themselves down to rest in all *insouciance* were now to be seen turning over stones, searching and beating bushes about the tents, and starting like frightened children at every false alarm.

Twice over the venomous beast was brought in with the sufferer; and after attending to the stricken man's wants, I had gazed with considerable curiosity at the long, lithe, faintly quivering scaly body, whose crushed head had contained so potent a *philtre* from Nature's laboratory that a tiny drop in the veins of a stout man brought him in a very short space to the brink of death.

I was very successful, saving the lives of all three men by the same means—a powerful stimulus, whose strength counteracted the fatal prostration induced by the poison.

And now here was another—a fine, strong young fellow, sinking fast when he reached the tent, and only just able to tell how he had lain down, and then, at almost one and the same moment, heard the rattle and felt the sharp prick of the beast's fangs. I had a hard fight, the poison having obtained so strong a hold; but perseverance and science proved the victors in the end, and there were tears of gratitude in my patient's eyes as he took his leave.

That night, so serious was the panic among the men, that the general of brigade consulted with his brother officers concerning the choosing of fresh ground. But, from the strength of our position, this was negatived; and the next morning the men were encouraged to hunt out our reptile foes—the result being the exhibition of four large-sized rattlesnakes, whose career of danger to man had been brought to a conclusion.

There was no respite for me, though: before many hours had elapsed an Irishman was led in, with a strap tightly fastened round one arm to arrest the spread of the poison, while his hand displayed the customary punctures, and the sufferer the usual symptoms of prostration. In this case, though, the effect of the stimulant administered was to send the patient into a profound state of unconsciousness, which somewhat alarmed me, from its being a contrary effect to that usually produced—the power of the poison being such that a pint of strong whisky did little more than revive the sufferer.

The Irishman was dismissed, cured, the following morning; but two hours after, another poor fellow from his company was led in, crying and moaning like a child.

"Oh, docthor, docthor dear!" he cried, "isn't it cruel to keep the boys here in such a nest of snakes? I'm kilt intirely wid one of the little poison bastes wid a rattle-tail, and it's such a small place ye can hardly see it. Wirrasthrue! why did I lave ould Ireland at all at all? where there isn't a vinomous baste to come and devour a boy if he's iver so hungry."

"There, there! stop that howling, my good fellow," I said, "and let me look."

"Is it howling ye call it, docthor dear, whin the pison's running all through ye? But plaze be a-lookin' at it before I'm kilt intirely. There, docthor dear, it's thim two small howls, jist as if some one had brogged 'em in wid two pins. Oh, docthor dear, shall I die? Shall I have to be berrid in the cowld airth widout bein' dacently waked? Ochone! why did I come out at all at all?"

"There, confound it, man, be quiet!" I exclaimed; and then, with a little application of bandage and lancet, I gave the poor fellow the stimulant, which he seemed to gulp down as if it were so much water, until at last insensibility ensued; and I noted down in my little case-book that the effect of poison and antidote was different upon men of the Celtic race, and I lay down that night in my tent very quiet and thoughtful.

Not a single rattlesnake had been killed that day, in spite of the most energetic search; and I began to hope that the peril would soon be a thing of the past—the snakes fleeing from the presence of man; but the very next morning, directly after leaving the mess tent, the colonel came to me himself, accompanying another Irishman from the same company.

"It will never do, Ellison," the colonel said; "I really can not stand it. It is not just to the men. We must move; for there's a perfect panic among the poor fellows."

"Don't be uneasy," I said, assisting the stricken man into the hospital tent; "I fancy the evil is nearly at an end.—Here, hold this poor fellow up," I exclaimed to a couple of the dressers. "Now reach me that bottle. Quick, man; the poor fellow is fainting."

"Yes; for Heaven's sake be quick!" cried the colonel, as his private gave a hollow groan.

"No, no, no!" I said to my aid; "not that bottle; there's another, which I prepared this morning. That's right. No, never mind lancing the place. Now then; hold his head up a little higher.—Does your throat feel constricted

—swelled up—my man? Do you think you can swallow?"

"Shure yis, yer hanner, jist a little!"

"Drink that up, then, every drop," I said, placing in an assistant's hand a tin cup containing about a pint of the mixture I had made ready. "Now then—no flinching—every drop—not a drain left. Ah, would you! Hold his head!"

After the first taste the unfortunate patient shrank back; but with my help his head and nose were firmly held, and the whole pint of fluid poured down his throat; when with a howl resembling that of a wild beast he kicked out, sprang up, and then ran out of the tent, to the great astonishment of the colonel.

"What! turned homeopathist," he said; "giving poison to cure poison?"

"Oh dear, no! That was only a preparation of aloes, jalap, and tartar emetic. I don't think he will want another dose."

"My dear Ellison, how can you doctors be so brutal and callous when a fellow-creature's life is at stake?"

"Cool, that, for a charge-commanding colonel of a thousand human butchers," I replied, laughing. "You see, colonel, the fact of the matter is this: I've been tricked once too often. There were four genuine cases of snake-bite, which I successfully treated with whisky, when the Hibernian element of the regiment approved so of the doctoring, and shammed so successfully, that I must confess to having been taken in. By-the-way, though, would you like the laste taste of my Irish mixture?"

"Confound it, no!"

A CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

THE Chinese believe that every one has three souls. At the moment of death (which they call the breaking of the three-inch breath) one of these souls enters the unseen world and goes to judgment; one resides in the wooden tablet—the spirit's throne, as it is called—which is erected to the memory of the departed either in some recess of the house or in the ancestral temple; and the third goes with the corpse into the grave. They believe that the unseen world is an exact counterpart, only spiritualized, of things visible; and that the spirits of the departed are in need of the same support as they required when living—food, raiment, dwelling-place—reduced, however, to a state suitable for the use of the invisible, which is attainable, they imagine, by the process of burning. There is a strange inconsistency in this superstition. In Chinese coffins the corpse is sometimes seen dressed in the usual costume of the living, each article of clothing being good and substantial, according to, and frequently beyond, the circumstances of the mourning family; a cap is placed on the head, the pipe is laid by the motionless hand, and frequently strings of hard cash are put in before the coffin-lid is screwed down. Whether this needless expense is incurred for display merely, or whether it is supposed that the raiment, gradually decaying with the mouldering corpse, will become thus invisible and spiritualized, we are unable positively to determine.

The people are, however, too prudent to carry this extravagance to an excess. Having to provide, not on the day of the funeral alone, but henceforth in perpetuity, for the comforts of the departed, and having to assist in the support, not of one loved one alone, but of a long line of ancestors, stretching back with their shadowy forms into the mists of antiquity, the Chinese take care that clothing, furniture, and money, which must be burned so as to be realized by the spirits, shall be as inexpensive as possible. They therefore manufacture imitations of these necessaries in paper; the paper-money being covered with tin or gilt foil; and on some occasions a paper mansion, ready furnished and prepared, is burned and passed entire into the unseen world. The food of the spirits is managed more simply still: the feast is spread, hot and steaming; and this steam, with the fumes arising from the viands, forms the repast of the spirits, the substantial food, warmed up again probably, being consumed by the survivors.

The Chinese appear to believe that the spirits of those who have died and are unburied—those, for instance, who have perished at sea, or in battle, or in a foreign land—wander about in misery, just as in this present world those who have no home, no dwelling-place, wander about as beggars. There are ghost-beggars, say the Chinese, as well as sturdy, palpable, visible beggars. Now the ranks of this unseen beggar race are swelled by the spirits of those whose comforts are not attended to by their surviving relatives, or whose families have become extinct. And, as in this world, the annoyance caused by troops of hungry mendicants is only too notorious, it is believed by the Chinese that the beggar ghosts, though with tongues unheard, and hands unseen, and noiseless feet, do approach and annoy and grievously injure those who refuse a pittance of charity. Sudden sickness, and misfortune in the family or in business, are frequently attributed to the unwelcome visits of these beggar spirits. Persons have even been known to commit suicide, so as to be in a more advantageous position to avenge themselves on their adversaries.

Now in Chinese cities the shop-keepers generally compound with the king of the beggars for a certain yearly payment, in consideration of which they are guaranteed against the annoying visits of the beggar host. Hence it follows that, apart from the regular and orderly worship and culture of ancestors in each family, all those who value their peace and quiet provide at certain periods for the wants of the untold crowd of wandering ghosts; and so tremendous is the power of this superstitious fear over the minds and pockets of the Chinese that, while real and present beggars are put off with the smallest possible sum, it is calculated that about thirty millions sterling are spent annually on this provision for the invisible host of imaginary mendicants. About half the women of China, some forty millions in number, are supposed to spend a large portion of their time in manufacturing the "*sih-boh*," or gold and silver paper for the dead. Hence also results the strong desire every Chinaman feels to have a son instead of a daughter; for should the male line of his family fail, the ancestral feast can not be performed, and then not only his own spirit will be starved, but all his ancestors will be reduced to a state of beggary. Christianity, by forbidding ancestral worship, breaks in the person of its converts the line of succession, and ruins the credit of the family, in the seen and unseen worlds alike, by consigning all to a condition of perpetual beggary. On one occasion a father, enraged even to despair at the resolution of his son to become a Christian, threatened to destroy himself. The son in that case would have been beheaded as the undoubted murderer of his father; and his spirit, appearing headless in the spirit world, would have been greeted with insult and opprobrium there, as one whose guilt required no further evidence. The heads of pirates and other notorious criminals are suspended in cages, after execution, over the city gates, and in other conspicuous places, as a warning and a deterrent, not merely through the prospect of punishment in this life, but also of indignity in the world to come.

GENERAL TROCHU AND VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO and the balloon has been a latent joke in several quarters. But although it has been hushed up in Paris, and in those of the principal cities of France in which it got wind, the story has, nevertheless, found vent in a Guernsey paper (*Le Guernesiais*), to the no little amusement of the inhabitants of that island, and those among whom the paper circulates. It has been generally lamented that so great an author as Victor Hugo should not have exerted his energies and eloquence in exhorting the Parisians to look the bitter facts fairly in the face, instead of blindly and willfully repeating all sorts of vain defiances, threats, and hopes as vain. But Victor Hugo fell at once into the vortex, and went to and fro preaching and parading the same extravagances. General Trochu soon found that all this was becoming troublesome, inasmuch as it kept up a continual excitement in directions which he was not prepared to realize, or at that time attempt. He therefore invited the great author and orator one day to luncheon on a *ragoût* of fancy dog, with a delicate *fricassée* of drain-rat to follow—and, of course, very choice wines; after which he proposed a stroll down to the quarter where a balloon was about to ascend for a voyage to Tours. On the way General Trochu expressed his extreme regret that some eloquent man did not arise, in each of the great provincial cities, to exhort the inhabitants to the most vigorous resistance. "And who," said the General, as they approached the balloon, now swinging by its last cords—"who could do this so well—who could inspire their patriotism to the utmost height so effectually, as the illustrious author of "Notre Dame" and "Les Miserables?" Suppose, Monsieur, you were at once to step into that balloon?" There was a pause. The great author reflected. He then said that he thought his proper place was in Paris, and that he was ready "to die upon the ramparts." Concerning which *Le Guernesiais* humorously and somewhat irreverently remarks that "Victor Hugo was too old a bird to be caught with chaff or lime."

BRIERLEY GRANGE.

I.

"BRING some more toast, Crutchapple, and another dish of broiled ham; and let Mary poach three or four more turkey's eggs."

Thus spoke an old lady, of venerable and benevolent aspect, to an ancient housekeeper, as silver-haired and smiling as herself.

The party assembled around the Dowager Lady Brierley's hospitable tea-table on this cold winter night were but three in number, including the mistress of the Grange herself. The first was a young and exquisitely fair girl of twenty, whose golden hair fell in wavy masses upon a neck scarcely inferior in whiteness to the swan's-down which trimmed the body of her rich blue silk dress. She was the orphan niece of Lady Brierley, who, having no other living relative, had adopted her as a daughter; and Rosamond Chester was in every respect worthy of her aged relative's esteem and affection. The third member of this cozy and happy family party was a very handsome man, of a dark and almost gipsy-like appearance, who was perhaps some three-and-thirty years of age; and, lest Lady Brierley should be accused by any of our overparticular readers of imprudence, in holding the torch to the tow, by bringing so handsome a young couple into association with each other, it may as well be at once admitted that Arthur Callender was already a rising physician, and the accepted suitor of Miss Chester—with the full concurrence of Lady Brierley. The worthy old countess was by no means one of those who think it impossible for real merit to exist without a title; and as Dr. Callender, besides his own personal good qualities, was possessed of an ample private fortune, Prudence herself could not have sneered at the match.

"You must know, Arthur," continued the countess, as soon as the old housekeeper had left the room to prepare the savory reinforcements for the tea-table, "that Crutchapple has been almost frightened out of her wits the last two or three nights by the visitation of ghosts or goblins, or some such sort of weird creatures, and that she has made all the maids as foolish as herself, so that they are scared by their own shadows."

It may here be mentioned that Brierley Grange was situated near one of the pleasantest of our beautiful sunny country villages, not more than thirty miles from town, and that Dr. Callender had only that day arrived on a visit to its benevolent owner.

"And," added the countess, "Crutchapple, for all she looks so demure and highly decorous, has, I do verily believe, a firm faith in genii and ghouls, and all that sort of thing. She had positively never read the 'Arabian Nights' until a month ago, when she chanced to be laid up for two days, and I lent one of the volumes to her. Can you imagine such a thing as a staid old dame of seventy selecting a fairy-tale to read from a whole heap of all the best authors, past and present?"

The young doctor smiled, and said

"Oh, my dear Lady Brierley, that is the commonest of common occurrences. Contrast is a powerful ingredient in the cup of our bodily pleasures. The boy wishes to be a man, the man sighs over the pleasures of the boy. The dark love the fair" (here he glanced at Rosamond Chester); "the short, the tall; the urchin of four likes to play with grandfather's spectacles; and why should not poor Mrs. Crutchapple find pleasure in those delightful flights of imagination which have entranced us all in our day, and which she had never read of before? It is the most natural thing in the world."

"Really, learned doctor, you speak like an oracle," Miss Chester said, playfully.

Lady Brierley laughed one of the genial, cheery laughs of kindly old age, as she said:

"Arthur is right. I confess I did not look at it in that light. Now I think of it, I believe I am a very child myself."

"Especially with regard to cakes, aunty dear," said her niece, archly.

"Yes, I confess to a weakness for plum-cake. Well, but with regard to Crutchapple: ever since she first opened the pages of the charming Scheherazade, she has done nothing but question me as to foreign countries, where jewels grow upon trees; did my diamonds grow upon trees, in some outlandish part?—so she terms it—and such questions; and I do firmly believe she thinks that Sindbad and Aladdin actually existed, and that it is possible a genie might pop up at any moment in some corner of this very Grange."

Here the trio all laughed merrily in unison, but were obliged to put on decorous faces, as at this moment Crutchapple herself entered, bearing the relays of toast and ham, and looking as stately, and yet withal as cheerful and benevolent, as Mr. Dickens's Peggotty or Polly Toodles.

"Crutchapple," said the dowager, as she proceeded to dispense the ham, "won't you take a chair, and tell the doctor all about your 'visions?'"

Now Crutchapple, having been nearly fifty years in the service of Lady Brierley, was regarded by that excellent lady more in the light of a friend than a servant, and consequently there was nothing derogatory or *outré* in this invitation.

The housekeeper looked doubtfully at Dr. Callender, who was disposing, with hearty good-will, of the fine-flavored York ham and hot toast, but who found time, nevertheless, to look up and say, with an encouraging smile,

"Pray do, Mrs. Crutchapple; I am longing to hear all about it."

Thus urged, Crutchapple said, resolutely,

"Well, my lady, I'm sure I have no manner of objection;" and accordingly sat down.

"You must know, my lady, and you, Sir, and you, ma'am" (a *good* servant never says *miss*), "that being troubled this time of the year with a cough, I never sleep particular sound of nights, and most times lie awake a good bit after I first go to bed."

"I will give you a cough mixture," said the doctor.

"Thank you kindly, Sir. Well, Sir, my lady's hours, you see, are early, and by ten o'clock we're all mostly in bed, and the lights put out. So you see, a few nights ago, after Mr. Rootshawe—that's the butler, Sir—had made all safe for the night, and I'd taken my lady her glass of mulled port-wine, why, of course, I went to my own bedroom. Well, it was bitter cold, you see, and I not being so young as I was, I'd got a bit of fire in my room; not as I hold with fires in a bedroom in general, except for old folks, that is—asking pardon for saying it—as my lady and me."

"Well, well, Crutchapple," said the dowager; "don't stop to apologize."

"No, my lady. *Well*, I wasn't special tired, and having a bit of a book, you see, just to finish, I thought as I'd take an hour cozy by the fire before I went to bed."

"Ah, ah, Crutchapple!" interrupted Rosamond Chester; "that was one of your dearly beloved tales of a genie."

"Well, ma'am," replied the good dame, sheepishly, and coloring to the roots of her gray hair, "I won't deny as it were. It were one where Annie (I think they called her) got up in the night, and went into a church-yard."

"Ah, I see—Aminé."

"Yes, ma'am; Amine got up in the night, and went into the church-yard, along with a ghoul; and there them two abominable creatures sat on the tombstones, a-cutting slices out of dead men's bodies, and a-eating of 'em."

"Well, but, Mrs. Crutchapple, you don't believe it really happened?" said the doctor.

"Well, I don't know, Sir. There's a many wonderful things as happens in foreign parts."

The three listeners could not avoid smiling.

"You may smile, Sir, and you too, my lady, and you, ma'am," said the housekeeper, a little discomposed; "but you know, my lady, as my lord himself, when he were alive, told us how his own brother had eaten of a dead man aboard ship, when—"

"Ah, yes, Crutchapple," answered the old lady, shuddering. "But that was when they were famished with hunger; and besides, that was in *real* life."

"Well, my lady, you know best. But as I was saying, this young woman and the ghoul, they sat eating of bodies on the tombstones; and of course, as I never read nor heard tell of such goings on before, I felt goosey-like, you know, and my flesh creeped. But I read on, for somehow the more horrible a thing is to read of, my lady, the more you can't leave it off."

"That is a literal fact," said the doctor; "and it is caused by— But go on, Mrs. Crutchapple; I beg your pardon."

"Well, Sir, I read on, till at last—there is no denying it—I fell asleep; and how long I slept I don't know, but I dreamed, oh, all sorts of awful things—"

"Caused by your uncomfortable position in your chair."

"Till at last I woke; and there was my candle burned out, and the fire burned low, but still enough left plainly to see any thing by."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, at first I sat a while, not wishing to move like, as one never does when one's waked from sleep—"

"Another natural phenomenon, which—"

"Oh, Arthur, *do* be quiet!" interposed Rosamond Chester.

"So, Sir, and my lady, and ma'am," continued the housekeeper, "I just sat a minute or two, looking at the fire, half scared like, when I heard a noise, like some one walking in their stocking-feet; and I looked round, and pretty near fainted; for I saw a great big fellow, with a tremenjous black beard, and eyes all wild-like, and I tried to screech out, but I couldn't."

"Nightmare," said the doctor.

"Oh no, Sir," said the housekeeper, earnestly; "I were wide awake, indeed I were."

"But, Crutchapple," said Lady Brierley, "you never told me *this* before."

"No, my lady; I thought as 'twould frighten you, for I believe as it were thieves; but then I saw the man walk quite through the wall, and then I knew as thieves couldn't do *that*, and I thought as it must be some kind of spirit, and you would all have made game of me. And then"—here she hesitated a little—"I persuaded myself as I'd been dreaming."

"The most rational solution to the mystery," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well, Sir, you're put in the room next mine, and there's not another soul but us in that wing; and there's a lot of old mouldy rooms that's not been furnished fresh since my lord died; so if there's any ghosts you'll see 'em as well as me, Sir."

"Well, well, Mrs. Crutchapple, I'll take my chance in such good company as yours," replied the doctor, good-humoredly.

"Thank you, Sir; but I don't fancy the left wing no more; and with my lady's permission, *I* shall sleep to-night in the right wing, in the room next Miss Chester."

"Oh, arrange it as you like, Crutchapple," said Lady Brierley; "and don't eat any thing too rich or heavy for your supper."

"So I am to face the ghosts alone, then?" interrupted the doctor. "Well, so be it. I will try some spell to banish them. And, Rose," he added, to Miss Chester, "you may as well nail a horseshoe over my door, and order vervain to be strewn over the threshold."

"Well, I'll see about it," the young lady replied, laughingly.

Mrs. Crutchapple rose.

"With your leave, my lady, I'll send Mary to take the things away; for I have got to see to the jelly and the pheasant for your supper."

"Do so, then," replied Lady Brierley, with a kind, smiling nod of dismissal. And forthwith the good woman departed upon her domestic affairs, not perhaps altogether sorry to escape.

"A nice old lady," said the doctor, when she had left the room, "but I should say decidedly superstitious."

"Yes," answered Lady Brierley. "Crutchapple believes in all the old superstitions, such as that it is unlucky to spill salt, to cut your nails on a Friday, or to see a rabbit run across your path early in the morning."

"And from what you said, I gather that she is not averse to suppers of a savory nature."

"Why, no. She certainly likes her veal-cutlet, or stewed duck, for the last meal of the day."

"Upon my word," rejoined Doctor Callender, laughing heartily, "I never heard of a more satisfactory recipe for conjuring up ghosts in my life. An old lady eats a rich supper, reads a story full of horrors, and finally falls asleep in a most uncomfortable posture. *Voilà tout!* I think the ghosts are accounted for."

"I think so too," said Rosamond.

"*Et moi aussi*," added Lady Brierley.

"It is remarkable," said the doctor, "how extremely credulous some old people become on this point, even when they have not been so in their younger days. They are often mere children."

Lady Brierley sighed.

"I think sometimes," she said, "that I should have been happier if I had had children; and yet dear Rose has been all a child could be to me."

Rosamond Chester rose and kissed her.

"Yes," continued the old lady, "it is, perhaps, all for the best. You know, I suppose," she added abruptly, and turning to Doctor Callender, "that there was insanity on my husband's side o' the family?"

"No," said the young physician, somewhat startled; "I really did not know it."

"There was indeed," replied Lady Brierley,